FILE

THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

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In This Number:

How to Avoid a Slump	*John Maynard Keynes*
The Case for Nazi Science	*Hans E. Friedrich*
Eyewitness at Madrid	*J. B. S. Haldane*
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The Wayfarer (A Story)	*Rabindranath Tagore*
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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

MOST lists of important post-War books would begin with *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, by John Maynard Keynes, which was published in 1923. As an economic diagnostician, Keynes discovered that the surgeons at Versailles had sewed up quite a number of saws, scalpels, rubber gloves and other such paraphernalia in the body of Europe. His predictions about future economic developments have proved remarkably prophetic. In his article, 'How to Avoid a Slump,' he is writing for British readers, but his analysis and suggestions can be studied with profit in the United States. The Roosevelt Administration is reported to be concerned lest our current prosperity get out of hand and precipitate another crash. [p. 8]

THE group of four articles which appear under the title 'Inside Germany' presents information that falls little short of being sensational. The nation-wide system of espionage which is being established in Germany according to the plan described in the first article [p. 15] is, we believe, unparalleled for thoroughness. The second article, by a sympathetic English visitor, describes the life of boys who have been selected for training in the Nazi Party's own schools. [p. 17]

'THE Case for Nazi Science' will doubtless fail to convince the reader as it contains errors both of fact and of interpretation. It is offered as a Nazi statement of the Nazi position. [p. 22]

E. E. KELLETT, the author of 'Objective Criticism,' [p. 25] is a serious writer who lapsed momentarily into satire. He was embarrassed to receive scores of letters from *Spectator* readers demanding chapter and verse for the facts in the article. Mr. Kellett replied in part as follows: 'There was a chess-game, precisely as I described it; the argument of the Public Prosecutor is exactly on the lines of Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Foundations of the XIXth Century*, the Prussian and Nazi Bible; and most of his speech followed closely Dr. Goebbels's recent address to critics.' The satire is offered as an example of the length to which the Nazi censorship *might* go if Herr Goebbels's decree were to be literally imposed.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE is too famous to need an introduction, and stories from his pen have appeared in THE LIVING AGE before. He is now nearly eighty. Recently he has been writing more short stories and plays and less poetry than in his younger years. 'The Wanderer' is one of his latest stories. [p. 28]

J. B. S. HALDANE, the eminent English scientist who is also something of a philosopher and sociologist, went to Madrid to give technical aid to the Government authorities in preparing the civil population for defense against gas attacks. [p. 35]

INFORMATION about Fascist Spain has been extremely contradictory since the beginning of the revolt. According to some sources it is being crushed under the tyrannical rule of Franco, but others give a very different picture. The observations of G. H. Keeling, Member of the British House of Commons, belong among the latter. [p. 36]

PORTUGAL has been developed as a Fascist State along the lines of the Italian model by Premier Salazar since 1928. Nothing could be more natural than that he should strain the country's neutrality as far as possible in aiding the Fascist movement across the frontier. Pierre La Mazière, a French correspondent, tells how the Portuguese feel about the Spanish Civil

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

March, 1937 *Volume 352, Number 4446*

The World Over

THROUGHOUT THE FALL and winter the world's press has been filled with alarming reports about the momentary likelihood of the new Armageddon. One war-scare has followed fast upon another. It is our belief that the foreign correspondents and commentators have been frightening us unduly; in brief, that the danger of a general war in Europe has been played up too much in the press of various countries, including our own.

This belief is based not only on a modest knowledge of conditions in Europe, but also upon a conviction that wars are unlikely to begin between October and March. If we are correct, there is something like a 'closed season' on war. Our research discloses that only one important war in the Northern Hemisphere during the last hundred years has begun between October 15th and March 1st. Even the exception, the Russo-Japanese War, which officially began in February, seems indirectly to bear out the theory of the 'closed season' on war because hostilities in the field were not expected before late spring.

We must confess that we do not enjoy the confidence of a single General Staff, but it is our belief that the strategists do not permit their political superiors to carry quarrels 'too far' during the cold season. There are many reasons why a General Staff should abhor the prospect of beginning war in the winter season, or on its eve. Staff plans, at least

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those of Powers which have ambitious designs, are aimed at a 'quick decision.' Sometimes quick decisions are not won, and then the Staff must contend with the conditions of winter warfare. But because of the high respect in which Generals January and February are held, winter warfare is avoided if possible. Especially does this apply to the period of mobilization, because the mobilization schedule of a great army is very rigid and does not permit deviation. Thousands of trains and trucks must be at appointed places at appointed times. Let us suppose that mobilization were ordered during the 'closed season' by Poland, Germany, Russia or some other country having cold winters. The schedule *might* be carried out smoothly. It might not. Let us suppose, again, that as the order goes out it begins to snow, then rain, then freeze, converting the melting snow into ice. Such things happen. The disastrous effects on the schedule can be imagined. There would be wrecks, congestion, confusion and serious effects on the morale of the troops because of physical hardships. Bad weather would work almost as much havoc in the early stages of the campaign. In short, there is the *chance* that the vagaries of winter might ruin a decade of planning at the War Office. There are many uncertainties in war that must be provided against; allowance cannot be made for a wintery storm at a critical moment.

Even if this theory of the 'closed season' on war is substantially correct, it brings little comfort, for its counterpart, the 'open season,' is upon us.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS has been defeated in the two great problems it has tried to settle. The question arises about its power to provide peaceful and legal settlement in lesser matters. Two such questions have only recently been in the foreground at Geneva. They were the Alexandretta dispute between Turkey and France and the question of the League's ability to enforce its own authority, as guarantor of the Danzig Constitution, against the Nazi Senate of the Free City which wishes to convert Danzig into a totalitarian State.

The Alexandretta dispute, in so far as France and Turkey were concerned, has been settled by a compromise. The *sanjak*, or district, which contains a large Turkish population is to retain a high degree of autonomy under French and Turkish guarantees while remaining within the new Syrian Republic. This is just the sort of 'settlement' which invites future trouble. So long as it remains under French control its autonomous rights are certain of protection. But an independent and nationalist Syria will from the first resent the limitations on its sovereignty in behalf of a minority and will sooner or later try to get rid of them. Poland, Iraq and other countries have in recent years repudiated their pledges to protect minority rights. Alexandretta will be a perennially

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serious problem because the Syrian Turks will constantly look for protection to their relatively powerful Turkish brothers just across the frontier. Of all minority problems this kind is the most dangerous because it involves two States. Examples from Europe include the Germans of Western Czechoslovakia, the Poles of Teschen, the Hungarians of Transylvania, Slovakia and the Banat, the Poles of Danzig and the Germans of Memel. In such cases racial factors are more important than the economic. In the interests of future peace perhaps the League should tactfully suggest that the Turks of Alexandretta be transferred to Turkey! With compensation for their property, of course. The Syrians are already enraged over the settlement and a delegation has gone to Geneva to protest. We dare to predict that there will be a permanent 'Alexandretta Question.'

AS FOR DANZIG, it seems that Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, has outsmarted himself. For several years a desire to cultivate Berlin has dictated his policies. So he has advised the League to let him deal with the Danzig Nazis. The result has been that they are now completely out of control both by Beck and by the League, and will no doubt shortly secure the two-thirds majority in the Senate necessary to revise the Democratic Constitution which they hate. The League has decided not to send another powerless High Commissioner to the Free City and Poland will have to make its own deal with the Danzigers in regard to the rights of the Polish minority. Since Poland is scarcely a paragon of virtue in her treatment of minorities, she should not expect too much.

However much one may disapprove of the imprisonment or 'protective arrest' of Danzig Catholics and Liberals, and of the suppression of all opposition newspapers, it is about time to recognize the fact that the League's supervision is at an end, that under a revised Constitution Danzig will eventually become associated with Bavaria, Hamburg and Prussia under the Swastika. It is also about time to recognize that the reason for Danzig's existence as an independent State has disappeared. At the Versailles Peace Conference the Allies were reluctantly obliged to concede that Danzig was a German city and that it could not be included in the new Poland. But, since Poland insisted upon having a seaport, the Free City was established. Poland now has her own seaport, Gdynia, on her own soil. It is true that a considerable amount of her trade continues to flow through the Free City; but it can still do so under agreements that need have no essential relationship to Danzig politics.

WHO ARE TO TAKE THE PLACES of the present Nazi leaders when they pass on, either through natural causes, purges, accidents or as-

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sassinations? A solution, and a very interesting one, has been devised in the 'Ordensburg' (Castle Order) Plan. The members of the Order, according to Willy Beer of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, are to be trained as prospective leaders, as the 'second growth which is to follow those that actually seized the power.'

The Ordensburgen are three in number—Vogelsang in the Eiffel, Crössinsee in Pomerania and Sonthofen in Allgäu—and were begun in 1933. Each will eventually accommodate a thousand students and a staff of five hundred men.

While the German newspapers gave accounts of a recent convention of the three units at Ordensburg Vogelsang which was addressed by Chancellor Hitler and Reichsministers Hess, Frick, Goebbels, Rust and Frank, the most detailed information we have found is derived from the *Emigré Deutsche Informationen*, which quotes from a memorial issued by Dr. Robert Ley under the title *The Path to the Ordensburg*. The subtitle was: 'Special edition published by the Reich Organization Leader of the NSDAP for the Corps of Party Leaders, for their sub-divisions and affiliated organizations. Not for sale.'

The members of the Order are between twenty-five and thirty years of age and are chosen not by examination but according to the three qualifications: a flawless family tree, party accomplishments and the quality of being a 'regular fellow.' After admittance, the students' mental training consists mainly of 'constant drill and practice in National Socialist principles.' Their physical training includes parachute jumping, diving, mountain-climbing, fencing and boxing. They must prove that they are 'he-men.' There are also exercises in 'inner discipline,' such as abstention from smoking or drinking during set periods or other personal sacrifices. The entire course takes three years, one year being spent at each castle. The Party's aim in creating the Order is described by Dr. Ley as follows:—

> We wish to know whether these men have within them the will to become leaders, to become masters; in other words, to rule. The NSDAP [the Nazi Party] and its leaders must will to rule. Whoever does not assert the totalitarian claims to leadership of the people, whoever is willing to share the leadership with others can never be leader of the NSDAP. We want to rule. We enjoy ruling, not to glorify sadistic tyranny, but because we firmly believe that in all matters only one person can lead—only one can carry the responsibility. . . .

Dr. Ley's memorial concludes with a grim warning to traitors:—

> These men, whom the Order of the NSDAP endows with honor and glory, giving them everything a true man can expect from life shall know and preserve in the depth of their hearts the knowledge that they are forfeit to this Order for better or for worse and that they must obey the Order unconditionally. . . . These men who will have the privilege of becoming political leaders in Germany,

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> and to whom the gate to power and leadership is open—they alone will lead Germany in the future. They must know and realize that there is no way back for them. Whoever fails, or dares betray the Party and its Leader, whoever cannot master baseness in himself—shall be exterminated by this Order. He whom the Party strips of his Brown Shirt shall not only be deprived of his office, but, together with his family, shall be destroyed.

WE ARE IN A POSITION to add some details to the article in this issue that deals with the reorganization of Germany by the Nazi authorities [p. 15]. The Block Assistant, according to the *National Zeitung* of Basel, supervises not more than three or four houses. Sometimes he is responsible for a single house, the one in which he lives. In any case he keeps a strict watch on all the movements of his charges and reports them to his Block Leader. His work has been considerably facilitated by the recent introduction of a special questionnaire in regard to individual families and their members. The questions are so framed as to elicit definite information as to whether the family is enthusiastically Nazi or merely lukewarm; whether it 'grumbles and grouches' or worse.

Among the thirty-five questions listed are the following: To which organizations do the husband, wife and children belong and what rank has been attained? To which denominational organization do the children belong and what medals and decorations have they received? What newspapers are read? Does the family own a swastika flag? What type of radio set is used? The Party is interested in the last information because Moscow, Strassburg and Prague cannot be tuned in with the 'People's' set in most parts of Germany.

THE BRITISH NATIONAL LABOUR PARTY seems to have suffered no more than a slight loss in strength through the mutiny and expulsion of the Socialist League, which had voted to form a United Front with the Communist and Independent Labour parties. These Leftist groups desire a more aggressive program than the Labour Party is willing to undertake. The numerical loss has been small, but a number of talented and vigorous leaders, including Sir Stafford Cripps, James Maxton, Harry Pollitt and Professor H. J. Laski have left the fold.

Labour headquarters declared that it would lose very little sleep over the matter, but admitted in the *News-Letter*, its official organ, that the Party finds itself in a dilemma.

> From the day of its formation about 10 per cent of the Labour Party has always consisted of fanatics of the class war. The rest of its votes have come from loyal trade unionists, leavened by a minority of genuine converts to the doctrine of collective planning and control. In 1937 that doctrine is the common property of all parties. The last National Government put much more of it on the statute book than both Labour Governments combined. The Labour Opposition finds

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itself accordingly in a dilemma. Bereft, by the inexorable trend of events, of what was once its own distinctive creed, it must choose between officially embracing for the first time the class-war chimera, dear as ever to its minority of fanatics, or admitting itself openly for what it has long in fact been—the mere political expression of respectable and progressive Trade Unionism.

IT IS WELL-KNOWN that the population of France has been virtually static for a century. French patriots do not conceal their anxiety over this situation, especially in regard to the problem of man-power for the army, and considerable interest has been shown by the French press in the results of the quinquennial census taken on March 8, 1936. An analysis in *Vendredi* reveals that the total population was 41,905,968, a gain of 71,045 during the preceding five years. Of the total, French citizens numbered 39,452,461, a gain of 508,000 over the last census, but 260,000 of these became French citizens by naturalization.

As in many other countries there has been a drift to the cities and towns, although Paris itself is slightly smaller than in 1931. The population of 36 Departments has increased, while that of 54 Departments has declined. In the center of the country is a solid block of 25 Departments in which the population has declined. Increases have occurred mainly in the river valleys, the coastal regions, the Alpine Departments and, above all, in the region around Paris.

While the population of France would long ago have shown a considerable drop from pre-War figures but for the naturalization of perhaps 2,000,000 foreigners, largely exiles from Russia, Italy and Germany, the effects of casualties and low birth-rate during the War have just begun to be seriously felt. This trend is shown by the fact that while births exceeded deaths by 42,940 in 1934, deaths exceeded births in 1935 by 19,476. The generation that was born during the years 1914–1919—now from eighteen to twenty-two years of age—numbers only half its normal percentage in the population. For several years, therefore, there will be fewer marriages and fewer births than normally. The writer in *Vendredi* warns that the next census, in 1941, can be expected to show an unmistakable decline in the population.

LITTLE PORTUGAL has been out of favor among liberals and radicals for some months because the Salazar Government has given encouragement and various kinds of material aid to the Spanish Insurgents. Some, although not all, of the reasons for Lisbon's unneutral attitude are given by Pierre La Mazière in this issue [p. 38]. Not mentioned were Catholic Portugal's abhorrence of Madrid's anti-clerical policy and Fascist Salazar's quite natural approval of Franco's aim to establish a Fascist régime in Spain.

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There can be no doubt that the Insurgents have received considerable material aid from, and by way of, Portugal, as M. La Mazière reports. There is reason to doubt that vast quantities of war materials from Germany were accumulated in Portugal against the moment of revolt, or that they were sent to Franco by way of Lisbon during the early months of the rising. Statistics on the trade in war materials are, of course, notoriously hard to find and, when found, usually are unsatisfactory. Munitions often travel in disguise as machinery, or pianos, or sewing machines. The exact amount of war materials which Franco received from Germany by way of Portugal may never be known; but if they were really considerable they should, whether disguised or not, make an appreciable increase in Portugal's imports from Germany during the months immediately preceding the revolt and during the months immediately following. Or, if the increase does not show in Portugal's imports there should be some sign of it in her re-export or transit trade.

An examination of the figures shows no such increase in the first two categories. During the first ten months of 1936, Portugal's imports from Germany were valued at 212,798,000 escudos, while for the corresponding period in 1935 they amounted to 222,712,000 escudos. The monthly totals also fail to show any significant variations. Re-exports of foreign merchandise for the ten-month period were valued at 144,656,000 escudos in 1936, against 159,496,000 escudos in 1935. Only in the transit trade in foreign merchandise does there appear to be a significant rise. This trade for the period in 1936 amounted to 31,459,000 escudos, whereas in 1935 it amounted to only 22,964,000 escudos. Although this increase may represent shipments of munitions, it amounted to less than $400,000.

These figures, which have been obtained from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the U. S. Department of Commerce, are not offered in an attempt to minimize the rôle which the Portuguese Government has played in the Spanish Civil War, but rather to throw some light on the extent to which Germany has aided the Insurgents by using Portuguese seaports.

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Must there be 'lean years?' Mr. Keynes explains to the layman what *can* be done to keep prosperity at a steady level.

How *to* Avoid *a* Slump

By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES

From the *Times*
London Independent Conservative Daily

IT IS clear that by painful degrees we have climbed out of the slump. It is also clear that we are well advanced on the upward slopes of prosperity—I will not say 'of the boom,' for 'boom' is an opprobrious term, and what we are enjoying is desirable. But many are already preoccupied with what is to come. It is widely agreed that it is more important to avoid a descent into another slump than to stimulate (subject to an important qualification to be mentioned below) a still greater activity than we have. This means that all of us—politicians, bankers, industrialists and economists—are faced with a scientific problem which we have never tried to solve before.

I emphasize that point. Not only have we never solved it; we have never tried to. Not once. The booms and slumps of the past have been neither courted nor contrived against. The action of Central Banks has been hitherto an almost automatic response to the unforeseen and undesigned impact of outside events. But this time it is different. We have entirely freed ourselves—this applies to every party and every quarter—from the philosophy of the *laissez-faire* state. We have new means at our disposal which we intend to use. Perhaps we know more. But chiefly it is a general conviction that the stability of our institutions absolutely requires a resolute attempt to apply what perhaps we know to preventing the recurrence of another steep descent.

II. CONSUMPTION AND INVESTMENT

Why is it that good times have been so intermittent? The explanation is not difficult. The public, especially when they are prosperous, do not spend the whole of their incomes on current consumption. It follows that the productive activities from which their incomes are derived must not be devoted to preparing for consumption in any greater proportion than that in

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which the corresponding incomes will be spent on consumption; since, if they are, the resulting goods cannot be sold at a profit and production will have to be curtailed. If when incomes are at a given level the public consume, let us say, nine-tenths of their incomes, the productive efforts devoted to consumption goods cannot be more than nine times the efforts devoted to investment, if the results are to be sold without loss.

Thus it is an indispensable condition of a stable increase in incomes that the production of investment goods (which must be interpreted in a wide sense so as to include working capital, and also relief works and armaments if they are paid for by borrowing) should advance *pari passu* and in the right proportion. Otherwise the proportion of income spent on consumption will be less than the proportion of income earned by producing consumption goods, which means that the receipts of the producers of consumption goods will be less than their costs, so that business losses and a curtailment of output will ensue.

Now there are several reasons why the production of investment goods tends to fluctuate widely, and it is these fluctuations which cause the fluctuations, first of profits, then of general business activity, and hence of national and world prosperity. The sustained enjoyment of prosperity requires as its condition that as near as possible the right proportion of the national resources, neither too much nor too little, should be devoted to active investment (interpreted, as I have indicated, in a wide sense). The proportion will be just right if it is the same as the proportion of their incomes which the community is disposed to save when the national resources of equipment and labor are being fully employed.

There is no reason to suppose that there is 'an invisible hand,' an automatic control, in the economic system which insures of itself that the amount of active investment shall be continuously of the right proportion. Yet it is also very difficult to insure it by our own design, by what is now called 'planning.' The best we can hope to achieve is to use those kinds of investment which it is relatively easy to plan as a make-weight, bringing them in so as to preserve as much stability of aggregate investment as we can manage at the right and appropriate level. Three years ago it was important to use public policy to increase investment. It may soon be equally important to retard certain types of investment, so as to keep our most easily available ammunition in hand for the time when it is more required.

The longer the recovery lasts, the more difficult it becomes to maintain the stability of new investment. Some of the investment which properly occurs during a recovery is, in the nature of things, non-recurrent; for example, the increase in working capital as output increases and the provision of additional equipment to keep pace with the improvement in consumption. Another part of our investment becomes less easy to sustain, not because the saturation point has been reached, but because with each increase in our stock of wealth the profit to be expected from a further increase declines. And, thirdly, the abnormal profits obtainable during a too rapid recovery of demand from equipment which is temporarily in short supply is likely to lead to exaggerated expectations from

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certain types of new investment, the disappointment of which will bring a subsequent reaction. Experience shows that this is sure to occur if aggregate investment is allowed to rise for a time above the normal proper proportion.

We can also add that the rise in Stock Exchange values consequent on the recovery usually leads to a certain amount of expenditure paid for, not out of current income, but out of Stock Exchange profits, which will cease when values cease to rise further. It is evident, therefore, what a ticklish business it is to maintain stability. We have to be preparing the way for an increase in sound investments of the second type which have not yet reached saturation point, to take the place in due course of the investment of the first type which is necessarily non-recurrent. At the same time we must avoid a temporary overlap of investments of the first and second types which is liable to increase aggregate investment to an excessive figure, which, in turn, by inflating profits will induce unsound investment of the third type, that is based on mistaken expectations.

III. 'DEAR' MONEY

In one respect we are better placed than ever before. On previous occasions a shortage of cash has nearly always played a significant part in turning the boom into the slump. Prices and wages are sure to rise somewhat with an increase in output. Nor is there anything wrong in that; for it is to be sharply distinguished from the so-called 'vicious spiral' which attended the post-War currency inflations. But the higher incomes resulting from increased output at a higher level of costs naturally require more cash. Formerly there was seldom a sufficient margin of cash which could be made available to finance the higher incomes. Thus the resulting shortage of cash led to a rise in the rate of interest, which, developing at a time when the maintenance of investment was already becoming difficult for other reasons, had a fatal influence on confidence and credit, and decisively established the slump.

But this time there is no risk of a cash shortage in those countries which still maintain a free economic system and are enjoying a normal recovery. The currency devaluations, the huge output of gold, and the newly-won elasticity of the foreign exchanges have combined to give us the needed freedom of action. We no longer rest under a compulsion to do what is ruinous. Unfortunately there is a widely held belief that dear money is a 'natural' consequence of recovery, and is, in such circumstances, a 'healthy' feature.

Unquestionably in past experience dear money has accompanied recovery; and it has also heralded a slump. If we play with dear money on the ground that it is 'healthy' or 'natural,' then, I have no doubt, the inevitable slump will ensue. We must avoid it, therefore, as we would hell-fire. It is true that there is a phase in every recovery when we need to go slow with postponable investment of the recurrent type, lest, in conjunction with the non-recurrent investment which necessarily attends a recovery, it raises aggregate investment too high. But we must find other means of achieving this than a higher rate of interest. For if we allow the rate of interest to be affected, we cannot easily reverse the trend. A low enough long-term rate of

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interest cannot be achieved if we allow it to be believed that better terms will be obtainable from time to time by those who keep their resources liquid. The long-term rate of interest must be kept *continuously* as near as possible to what we believe to be the long-term optimum. It is not suitable to be used as a short-period weapon.

Moreover, when the recovery is reaching its peak of activity, the phase of non-recurrent investment in increased working capital and the like will be almost over; and we can be practically certain that within a few weeks or months we shall require a lower rate of interest to stimulate increased investment of the recurrent type to fill the gap. Thus it is a fatal mistake to use a high rate of interest as a means of damping down the boom. It has been the occurrence of dear money hitherto which has joined with other forces to make a slump inevitable.

If the Stock Exchange is unduly excited or if new issues of a doubtful type are becoming too abundant, a higher rate of interest will be useless except in so far as it affects adversely the whole structure of confidence and credit. Moreover, alternative methods are available. A hint to the banks to be cautious in allowing their names to appear on prospectuses, and to the committee of the Stock Exchange to exercise discrimination in granting permissions to deal would be more efficacious. And, if necessary, a temporary increase of a substantial amount in the stamp on contract-notes (as distinguished from transfers) in respect of transactions in ordinary shares would help to check an undue speculative activity.

Nevertheless, a phase of the recovery may be at hand when it will be desirable to find other methods temporarily to damp down aggregate demand, with a view to stabilizing subsequent activity at as high a level as possible. There are three important methods open to our authorities, all of which deserve to be considered in the immediate future.

IV. BOOM CONTROLS

Just as it was advisable for the Government to incur debt during the slump, so for the same reasons it is now advisable that they should incline to the opposite policy. Aggregate demand is increased by loan-expenditure and decreased when loans are discharged out of taxation. In view of the high cost of the armaments, which we cannot postpone, it would put too much strain on our fiscal system actually to discharge debt, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer should, I suggest, meet the main part of the cost of armaments out of taxation, raising taxes, and withholding all relief from taxation for the present as something to be undertaken in 1938 or 1939, or whenever there are signs of recession. The boom, not the slump, is the right time for austerity at the Treasury.

Just as it was advisable for local authorities to press on with capital expenditure during the slump, so it is now advisable that they should postpone whatever new enterprises can reasonably be held back. I do not mean that they should abandon their plans of improvement. On the contrary, they should have them fully matured, available for quick release at the right moment.

Just as it was advisable to check imports and to take measures to improve

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the balance of trade during the slump, so it is now advisable to shift in the opposite direction and to welcome imports even though they result in an adverse balance of trade. I should like to see a temporary rebate on tariffs wherever this could be done without throwing British resources out of employment. But above all it is desirable that we should view with equanimity and without anxiety the prospective worsening of our trade balance which is likely to result from higher prices for raw materials and from our armament expenditure and general trade activity, even though this may put a temporary strain on the Exchange Equalization Fund. The recent decrease in the Bank of England's fiduciary issue indicates that we have today a plethora of gold. It is desirable, therefore, that the raw material countries should be allowed to replenish their gold and sterling resources by sending their goods to us; especially so in view of the difficulties which would remain in the way of foreign lending on the old scale even if the existing artificial obstacles were to be removed. This policy is doubly desirable. First, because it will help to relieve a temporarily inflated demand in the home market. Second, because a policy of allowing these countries to increase their resources in 1937 provides the best prospect of their using these resources to buy our goods and help our export industries at a later date when an increased demand in our home market is just what we shall be wanting.

These, I urge, are the methods which will best serve to protect us from the excesses of the boom and, at the same time, put us in good trim to ward off the cumulative dangers of the slump when the reaction comes, as come it surely will. But we also need more positive measures to maintain a decent level of continuous prosperity.

V. FURTHER PRECAUTIONS

While we shall be prudent to take such steps as I have indicated to prevent the present recovery from developing into a precarious boom, I admit that I do not see much sign of this. For the moment we have the rearmament expenditure superimposed on the building activity and on the large non-recurrent investment in working capital and in renewals which are characteristic of a recovery as such; and that is a situation which suggests caution.

But, on the other hand, our export industries remain, on the whole, inactive; the peak of the non-recurrent investment in increased working capital—which in the last two or three years has been much larger *per annum* than the cost of rearmament now is—may be behind us; sooner or later the building activity will relax; and the cost of rearmament is neither permanent nor large enough while it lasts to sustain prosperity by itself. In 1936 at least seven or eight times as much was spent on new building as on rearmament.

Thus our main preoccupation should be concerned not so much with avoiding the perils of a somewhat hypothetical boom as with advance precautions against that sagging away of activity which, if it is allowed to cumulate after the usual fashion, will once again develop into a slump. Too much alarm about a hypothetical boom will be just the way to make a slump inevitable. There is nothing wrong with the very moderate prosperity we now

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enjoy. Our object must be to stabilize it and to distribute it more widely, not to diminish it.

Thus we need constructive preparations against the future. Recent experience has shown us how long it takes to prepare for useful investment; and what careful handling is necessary to develop a psychological state in the investment market which will accept a reduction in the long-term rate of interest. Moreover, it will be much easier to check a recession if we intervene at its earliest stages. For, if it is allowed to develop, cumulative forces of decline will be set in motion which it may prove almost impossible to check until they have run their course. If we are to be successful we must intervene with moderate measures of expansion before the decline has become visible to the general public.

One factor only shall we have in our favor—namely, the improvement in our export trade with the raw material countries, which I now anticipate with confidence at a date not far distant. In other directions we shall be hard put to it, in my opinion, to develop useful activities on an adequate scale. The menace of the next slump, and what that would mean to our institutions and traditions should be at our elbow, urging us to new policies and boldness of mind.

Perhaps it is absurd to expect Englishmen to think things out beforehand. But if it is not, there are various thoughts to think. So far I have stressed the importance of investment. But the maintenance of prosperity and of a stable economic life only depends on increased investment if we take as unalterable the existing distribution of purchasing power and the willingness of those who enjoy purchasing power to use it for consumption. The wealthier we get and the smaller, therefore, the profit to be gained from adding to our capital-goods, the more it is incumbent on us to see that those who would benefit from increasing their consumption have the power and the opportunity to do so.

Up to a point individual saving can allow an advantageous way of postponing consumption. But beyond that point it is for the community as a whole both an absurdity and a disaster. The natural evolution should be toward a decent level of consumption for everyone; and, when that is high enough, toward the occupation of our energies in the non-economic interests of our lives. Thus we need to be slowly reconstructing our social system with these ends in view. This is a large matter, not to be embarked upon here. But, in particular and in detail, the relief of taxation, when the time comes for that, will do most for the general welfare if it is so directed as to increase the purchasing power of those who have most need to consume more.

VI. PLANNING FOR EMERGENCY

The capital requirements of home industry and manufacture cannot possibly absorb more than a fraction of what this country, with its present social structure and distribution of wealth, chooses to save in years of general prosperity; while the amount of our net foreign investment is limited by our exports and our trade balance. Building and transport and public utilities, which can use large amounts of capital, lie half-way between private and public control. They need, therefore, the combined stimulus of public policy and a low rate of interest.

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But a wise public policy to promote investment needs, as I have said, long preparation. Now is the time to appoint a board of public investment to prepare sound schemes against the time that they are needed. If we wait until the crisis is upon us we shall, of course, be too late. We ought to set up immediately an authority whose business it is not to launch anything at present, but to make sure that detailed plans are prepared. The railway companies, the port and river authorities, the water, gas, and electricity undertakings, the building contractors and the municipal authorities should be asked to investigate what projects could be usefully undertaken if capital were available at certain rates of interest—3½ per cent, 3 per cent, 2½ per cent, 2 per cent. The question of the general advisability of the schemes and their order of preference should be examined next. What is required at once are acts of constructive imagination by our administrators, engineers, and architects, to be followed by financial criticism, sifting, and more detailed designing; so that some large and useful projects, at least, can be launched on short notice.

There can be no justification for a rate of interest which impedes an adequate flow of new projects at a time when the national resources for production are not fully employed. The rate of interest must be reduced to the figure that the new projects can afford. In special cases subsidies may be justified; but in general it is the long-term rate of interest which should come down to the figure which the marginal project can earn.

We have the power to achieve this. The Bank of England and the Treasury had a great success at the time of the conversion of the War Loan. But it is possible that they still underrate the extent of their powers. With the existing control over the exchanges which has revolutionized the technical position, and with the vast resources at the disposal of the authorities through the Bank of England, the Exchange Equalization Fund, and other funds under the control of the Treasury, it lies within their power, by the exercise of the moderation, the gradualness, and the discreet handling of the market, of which they have shown themselves to be masters, to make the long-term rate of interest what they choose within reason. If we know what rate of interest is required to make profitable a flow of new projects at the proper pace, we have the power to make that rate prevail in the market. A low rate of interest can only be harmful and liable to cause an inflation if it is so low as to stimulate a flow of new projects more than enough to absorb our available resources.

Is there the slightest chance of a constructive or a forethoughtful policy in contemporary England? Is it conceivable that the Government should do anything in time? Why shouldn't it?

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Four significant articles on the Third Reich deal with Nazi Party reorganization, Party schools and Nazi views on the duties of scientists and of critics.

Inside GERMANY

I. The Party Organizes the Nation

Translated from the *Stuttgarter National-Sozialistische Kurier*

AT THE National Socialist Party Congress in 1935 Reichsführer Adolf Hitler spoke to the political leaders of the great task which the Party faced in thoroughly educating *all* the German population in the fundamentals of the National-Socialist movement. In order to attain this objective it was imperative that the party units nearest the masses should be radically reorganized. We shall therefore describe the nature and work of the Party's new 'Blocks' and 'Cells,' which are to be responsible for penetrating not only the smaller villages and hamlets, but also each house and even each family.

During the period of its struggle for power, the Party's basic unit was the individual member. Henceforth, the basic unit will be the household of the German citizen. In other words, the Party intends to penetrate and take root in the German family to such an extent that it will be in a position to intervene at an instant's notice with advice or action, as the circumstances warrant, to protect the national interest. With a view to achieving this end effectively and comprehensively, the Party will enter into direct contact with the population by means of three agencies. These will be the Cell Leaders, the Block Leaders, and the latter's assistants. Their duty will consist in influencing each citizen by instruction and example and in seeing to it that each German holds the Party's ideals and policies in the proper respect.

As indicated above, the new organization will be based not upon a certain number of party members but upon a certain number of households, which will in the future constitute the basic unit of a vast system which is destined to include the entire German nation. The new Block will comprise from forty to sixty households, and

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will be further subdivided into House Groups of from eight to fifteen households. The Block will include not only buildings, but fields, woods and rivers as well, so that ultimately no areas or spaces will lie outside the limits of some Block.

With regard to the general hierarchy of this new organization of the German nation, it will be recalled that up to the present time the lowest position in the scale of party officials has been held by the local Group Leader (*Ortsgruppenleiter*). In the new system there will be two lower ranks which will be subordinate to him—the Cell and Block Leaders.

Although the Block Leader will be responsible for the organization of his territory, he is to be assisted in an advisory capacity by 'Inspectors' of both sexes. It has also been recognized that the duties of being guide, philosopher and friend to each and every German citizen assigned to him would overwhelm the individual Block Leader; he could not perform them conscientiously without neglecting his own business and family. So, for each House Group within his Block, he will have directly under him a Block Assistant. The latter will be concerned with a group of houses containing from eight to fifteen families and he alone will have direct contact with each family on matters affecting the party and its auxiliary organizations.

This plan has been studied down to the smallest detail, and it has been thoroughly tested so that the party authorities might learn whether it is really capable of attaining the desired ends. The Württemberg-Hohenzollern region was selected for the experiment and the results have been entirely acceptable to the Government. This region will now serve as a model for the extension of the Cell and Block organization throughout Germany.

The systematic penetration of all households of Block, Cell and District is made possible by lists and card-indexes, which have been compiled with the greatest care. Each Block Leader has a set of maps on which the principal facts relating to all the households and families living under his supervision are represented in graphic form. He is therefore able at all times to know exactly where and why his intervention may be necessary with any family, whether in regard to practical help, or in regard to some matter affecting the political or social régimes. The thoroughness of the methods employed is attested by the fact that 60,000 Block Assistants have been engaged in the work of organization in the single district of Württemberg-Hohenzollern.

In order to facilitate the filing of complete records concerning the political and social status of each and every German family, special family lists containing detailed information must be prepared by the Block Assistants. In Württemberg-Hohenzollern these lists are already complete. The task was inevitably arduous since it involved a vast amount of investigation. We are glad to report that families have coöperated in the most praiseworthy fashion. It must be remembered, however, that the lists and indexes are cumulative rather than definitive; they must be constantly corrected so that the information at the Block Leader's disposal will be complete and accurate at any given moment.

Lest the citizens be alarmed, we hasten to say that if the Inspector of a

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House Group is ordered by the party authorities to report on whether such and such a household or lodger owns a radio receiving set, and, if so, of what range and equipment, or again, if the inquiry concerns what newspaper is read by the household in question, his action must not in any way involve meddling in the private affairs of the families. The purpose of these investigations and reports is solely that of helping to determine in what degree and by what practical means the Party can utilize its new organization throughout the whole nation if the need should arise.

The larger units, the Cells and Districts, also have their own plan of organization. Large-scale maps of towns and villages, boroughs and hamlets enable the proper leaders to learn at a glance how many households are in each House Group, how many House Groups are in each Block, and so on. They can tell, moreover, what is the status of each unit, both from the territorial viewpoint and also from that of the political and social organization. Thanks to the descriptive maps, the party's managing authorities will be able on a moment's notice to form a definite opinion of how the new organization may be employed.

It is superfluous to add that this reorganization of the German nation will be of capital importance to the public welfare and to the work of the National Socialist Party. The great task will assuredly be carried out in the spirit desired by the Führer and in complete submission to his will.

II. Nazi Etons and Harrows

By J. W. Tate

From the *Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

SCHOOLS in Germany are not, for the most part, under direct Party control, but must allow one day a week, other than Sunday, to the Hitler Youth Organizations, membership of which has been made compulsory by a new decree. There exists, however, a group of twelve boarding schools for picked boys, the '*Nationalpolitische Erziehungsanstalten*' (mercifully abbreviated to 'Napola' in conversation) which are administered by a special Party department in Berlin, and are under the patronage of the S.S. (*Schutzstaffel*, the élite of the Nazis). Some of them were State boarding schools in the former régime and some ancient *Klosterschulen*, and these have been taken over with considerable displacement of staff and boys. These schools 'set the tone' for the youth organizations, many of whose leaders are recruited from them.

It was a pleasant surprise to find boys indistinguishable in appearance from English public school boys (perhaps if anything looking stronger and healthier) and having the same moods of reserve, subtle humor, and obstreperousness, the same courtesy mingled with suppressed amusement toward strangers and strange opinions. The masters turned out to be neither the stiff professors nor the bull-necked Prussian Storm Troopers of the imagination. The *Zugführer* (Group leader),

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as well as doing some teaching, is in charge of the out-of-school activities of his *Zug*, and is usually a young man. 'Youth must be led by Youth' is one of the slogans of the Party.

In accordance with Party principles, the selection of boys for these schools must be strictly on merit. Each year, from a vast number of applications, a certain number of boys from nine to ten years old are provisionally chosen, and these have to undergo a two weeks' probationary test by living in the school under ordinary conditions, attention being paid perhaps more to physique and character than to mental ability. About one-third are finally admitted, and the fees arranged according to the means of the parents. A boy who later on proves in any way unsatisfactory or unsuited to the life is summarily removed from the school, and the vacancy is filled by another boy of about the same age.

Life in these schools is characterized by a strongly marked political *motif* and an extensive use of military forms. There is a special uniform, the various schools being distinguished only by the color of the shoulder strap. This uniform, worn by boys over fifteen—and by masters—consists of a peaked khaki cap, tunic, and breeches, with field boots and a side-arm. The younger boys wear open khaki shirts, shorts, and a forage cap.

School work, including gymnastics, is confined to the morning, and except for an hour and a half's preparation the afternoon and evening are devoted to a fixed program of sport, in which swimming, boxing, shooting, and handball are the chief items, with instruction in riding, motorcycling and car-driving for the senior boys. Important competitive games are few and far between, and everything is carried out with a view to producing the physically efficient National Socialist.

Marching is not merely a means of moving boys from one activity to another, but is one of the school games. At least twice a week a period is allotted for *Geländesport*. This 'game' had perhaps its origin in the efforts of patriots to keep up some form of military training during the period of complete disarmament under the Treaty of Versailles. It might be described in army phraseology as 'tactical exercises without arms.'

One *Zug* after the other marches out into the country, singing the songs that have become such an important National Socialist feature, songs of the Third Reich alternating with old *Landsknecht* marching songs. The 'exercise' may consist simply of a route march. Or there may be some direction-finding and compass work, or occasionally a simple field operation, one group attacking and one defending. In these operations, although without rifles and blank cartridges, the boys have more fun than English schoolboys on an O.T.C. (Officer's Training Corps) field day, for they are allowed to fight, a boy being 'dead' as soon as a colored ribbon is torn from his shoulder.

Two or three times a year there are 'maneuvers' lasting about a week, when the school marches from place to place (the senior boys sometimes cover well over twenty miles in a day) and set up their tents from tent sheets carried by each boy. A lorry and field kitchens accompany them. In September of last year all the twelve schools were engaged together in operations for the first time.

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The object of these 'maneuvers' is not merely to give the boys experience in long marches, camp life, and *Geländesport*. Sometimes the object is to attend a ceremony or celebration, such as the thousandth anniversary of the death of the Saxon King Henry II. Almost always visits to abbeys, museums, or factories form part of the program, and the wish to develop first-hand acquaintance with different parts of Germany and their inhabitants—an important method of inculcating national consciousness—is the main motive behind these expeditions. It should be clearly understood that these schools are not military schools. The Cadet schools abolished after the War have not been reintroduced, and only a small proportion of these boys intend to take up a military career. The question then naturally arises: 'Why all these military forms?' 'Why,' as a young public school boy put it, 'this perpetual O.T.C. camp life?'

II

The answer usually given is that it is part of the National Socialist *Weltanschauung*. This is not easy either for a German to explain or for an Englishman to understand. There is first the apparent importance of the military *motif* to the National Socialist in meeting his political problems: the conquest of unemployment and class strife, the beautifying of towns and the countryside; it seems necessary to them to carry out such tasks in uniform and to the accompaniment of martial music. Then the military methods in these schools resemble those in our own O.T.C.s and Boy Scouts in being calculated to teach discipline, self-reliance, willingness to undergo hardships and to undertake unpleasant duties. And, thirdly, there is the undoubted connection between the militarism of these schools and the rebuilding of Germany's armed strength.

There are many features of life in these schools which show that the boys are being encouraged to keep in mind the warfare of the past and to hold themselves prepared for the warfare of the future. Where the English Public School boy puts up in his study a picture of a film star or the latest record-breaking racing car, the German boy puts a souvenir of the Great War, a spiked helmet or a hand grenade, or a picture of the famous war pilot von Richthofen, side by side with pictures of the big political leaders.

In the school work much of the subject matter is connected with modern warfare. Problems connected with shooting and flying are a prominent feature of the physics and mathematics syllabus, while the chemistry textbook has a short compulsory appendix on the chemistry of attack and defense in modern warfare. In the English and German lessons a favorite textbook is a collection of war stories. A short reading from such a book illustrating some outstanding act of heroism is a common feature of the *Kameradschaftsabend* (social evening) held from time to time in the school.

Just as in criticizing the English Public School system one is to some extent criticizing the English character, so also is it impossible to dissociate the military outlook in these schools from that of all Germans of the present régime. It must be remembered that every young man must now spend two years in the Regular Army, and masters of the schools are continually going to and coming from

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such service. The soldier type receives the same admiration that the athlete type enjoys in England.

In an address to masters of two of these schools the high S. S. official, who holds a position corresponding to 'Chairman of the Governors,' said that one of their aims must be to develop in the boy a 'soldierly bearing.' He said it exactly as a Speech Day visitor in England might commend the bringing up of the boys to 'play the game.' The ideal of the soldier is in Germany something personal and noble, going far beyond the wish to have a strong army.

A visitor's first impression of one of these schools, that it is merely a camp providing an efficient course of pre-military training, has no more relation to the facts than a conclusion drawn by a casual foreign visitor to an English Public School, that its main object was to turn out good footballers and cricketers. It is necessary to live for some time in a 'Napola' to realize that the real object of the curriculum is to produce 'all-round' citizens, prepared to serve their country not only on the battlefield, but in every walk of social and economic life.

The importance of the military *motif* in National Socialist education might lead one to expect the instruction on general subjects to consist of the enforcement on young minds of rigid ideas, combined with an insistence on unthinking obedience.

But to the Germans of the new Reich such a mechanical outlook is anathema. National Socialism is almost a religion, something which must ultimately come from within a man. To insure the right 'feeling,' the right *Weltanschauung*—to that end are directed the numerous ceremonies, speeches and lectures, the insistence in the classroom on thinking in terms of national inheritance and of service to the German community, and the efforts to develop first-hand acquaintance with work and culture in all parts of the German Reich.

The semi-religious aspect of the political education is expressed in the *Feier* or Service. In one school a short *Morgenfeier* is held every Monday in the school chapel. Frequently a large swastika flag is hung across the chancel. In front of this a *Sprechchor* of boys is assembled, and one of them begins a patriotic recitation which is taken up by the others in unison, this being followed by a song in which the 'congregation' joins. Both recitation and song make a liberal use of militaristic terms. 'In ranks of three we forward march! Raise high, raise high the colors'—so runs the chorus of one of the most popular songs.

The theme changes from the fervor of battle to a solemn declamation of the struggle against 'deepest, bitterest need,' and has moments of true poetry: '*Bei den Sternen steht, was wir schwören*' ('Clear as the stars, the Faith to which we swear'). The *Morgenfeier* may consist solely of a reading illustrating some act of heroism in the Great War or in the early days of the National Socialist movement, or a short recital of German music.

III

Although education for a Christian life is not one of the aims of these schools, there is no question of a deliberate perversion from Christianity to a modern paganism. The German Faith Movement finds here no official support whatever. As a matter of fact,

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most of the boys belong to the Evangelical or Lutheran Church, and at the age of fifteen to sixteen are prepared for confirmation, which is held in the school chapel. A ceremony occurring on Confirmation Day does, however, illustrate the curious superposition of the National Socialist faith on the Christian.

Just after dark the school was drawn up on the parade ground with lighted torches; a central flame was kindled, and the boys of confirmation age were admitted into the first hundred, or upper school. The Headmaster gave an address in which he stressed their new obligations in pursuing those personal ideals of Honor, Cleanliness and Courage, which their country demanded. He then presented each boy with the side-arm—which their new status in the first hundred demands that they should wear—and a text. These texts closely resembled the 'Graces' said occasionally before meals. Typical examples are 'Only he can be free who daily masters himself;' and 'One does not beg for justice, one must fight for justice.'

Another example of a National Socialist service is the *Sonnenwendfeier*, held both at the winter and at the summer solstice. After dark the school gathers on the top of a neighboring hill—with the inevitable lighted torches—and a huge bonfire is lit. Over the flames an address is given on the National Socialist Faith, which, 'like the sun, continues its unshakable course.'

The National Socialist Faith finds expression throughout the curriculum. The syllabus—not only in German history and religion, but of every subject—has been carefully arranged to develop understanding for the spiritual, historical and practical basis of the Third Reich. Catholic and Evangelical instruction is voluntary and conducted out of school hours, and religion as a school subject is taught with the object of providing a National Socialist background. The object, runs the syllabus, 'is not to develop a Germanic faith, a "*Wotansglaube*," but an outlook based on acquaintance with the religious expression of the German people through the ages, from primitive times through the Reformation to Rosenberg's *Mythus*, not avoiding altogether metaphysical inquiry.'

In the study of their own language stress is laid on folk legends and poetry and the literature of the prophets of the Third Reich, with a vigorous expurgation of borrowed words. Biology receives special attention from the racial and economic standpoint. In the upper forms the boy is led from a study of the facts of inheritance in his own family to Mendel's laws and the phenomena of cell-division, and thence to a consideration of their social and racial implications.

Lessons in hygiene are given, in the upper forms, by the school doctor. Even in those schools retaining the classical curriculum of the 'gymnasium,' it is those qualities of the Greeks and Romans applicable to the new German citizen which are to be stressed. The relative value to National Socialism of different subjects is still unsettled, and is debated in the weekly masters' meetings. On one of these occasions a mathematician defended his subject in an argument lasting well into the night and continued off and on for days; but mathematics survives, as affording a training in 'order, discipline, endurance, and avoidance of premature judgment,'

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and dealing with problems of economic and military importance to the Third Reich.

The wish to cultivate a sense of companionship between all Germans, of whatever rank or profession, sends the school out into the neighborhood to take part in—sometimes to provide—a *Feier* held in public, and this is combined with free and easy social intercourse with the people of all classes. The occasion of these expeditions is generally one of the many national holidays, such as that commemorating the foundation of the Third Reich.

Every effort is made to supplement the school instruction by such practical contact with the life of the German people. For five weeks in the winter two upper forms of one school were stationed in an old farmhouse in the Rhön Mountains. Their work there consisted of investigations, in groups of two or three boys, on certain given 'themes,' such as the local membership of the Party in the past ten years, the history of a near-by monastery, and the local wood-carving industry.

The greatest value of such work is considered to lie in the personal contact established between the 'public school boy' and the agricultural and industrial workers. Another party of senior boys, accompanied by a master, were boarded for a month in miners' families and took part in their work. It is hoped to extend this experiment so that every boy, at one stage of his school life, spends six months in an industrial area.

Many visits and exchanges are arranged with foreign countries. The object of these is partly to establish better relations with those countries racially connected with Germany, and partly to strengthen in the young German his own national consciousness by contact with foreign ways of life. Again it is hoped to extend these visits so that each boy spends some time abroad as part of the school course.

Particularly is it desired to develop a closer understanding with England. English is often the only modern language taught, and the chief object in the teaching is to give an insight into the English character and institutions. Admiration for the healthy nationalism of this country extends to our public school system, which is considered to play the same part in the life of the nation which it is intended that these schools shall play in the life of the new German Reich.

IV. The Case for Nazi Science

By Hans E. Friedrich

Translated from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Berlin Coördinated Daily

NATIONAL SOCIALIST policy toward science has been widely misunderstood and misinterpreted abroad, partly because of the distance, but partly because there has been deliberate distortion of the facts. This has occurred despite the fact that German science and its directors in the Government have frequently given an account of their aims and activities. At the Heidelberg Anniversary, for example, Dr. Bernhard Rust, the Reich Minister for Science and Education, enunciated the principles of National

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Socialist science and went on to explain the measures which the Government has taken to secure their adoption.

Now science is a field which includes many subjects of a problematic nature. And the more problematic and abstruse the subject, the easier it becomes to formulate theories. Malicious and narrow minds can easily take advantage of this situation by formulating theories in which they set forth pernicious ideas. At the other extreme the common people are occasionally inclined to regard all science as abstract and useless, forgetting that they profit daily and in many ways from the work of the scientist.

Abused from within and misunderstood from without, science therefore finds itself in a difficult position. When its relationship to the State and nation undergoes a change as fundamental as that which the National Socialist Revolution brought about in Germany, this difficulty is thrown into sharp relief. In overcoming it, the Nationalist Socialist Revolution has made changes not only in the scientific personnel but—and far more important—it has completely changed the aims and methods of German science. These changes can be concisely defined and the definition, if properly understood, includes everything the new German State demands of science. It is, in brief, the concept of 'political' science.

Foreign nations, especially France and England, have been and still are fond of saying that German science has taken a purely political road and has thus left the field of pure science. The charge is inconsistent because such utilitarian, that is to say, 'political,' science has been accepted by Englishmen and Frenchmen as a matter of course for a century. Thus they are open to the criticism that they themselves have never as yet been on the basis of pure science. It is, moreover, a malicious misinterpretation to represent the political trend of our science as materialistic. So far, no one in Germany has held that research work on a papyrus is useless because it does not produce immediately tangible results. A purely utilitarian scientific method of that kind is observable only in Bolshevik Russia.

II

The chief object of National Socialist attack is the 'vacuum' in which many fields of German science have labored, especially since the turn of the century. To be sure, it was precisely the 'absolutism' of German academic life that used to charm foreign scientists. This was not, however, the charm exerted by something transcendently beautiful or wholly spiritual —only the charm of strangeness, of something almost incomprehensible, which was nevertheless held so valueless that it was not imitated abroad. Neither English, nor French, nor American, nor any other science has been decisively influenced by German 'absolutism' nor has any one of them permitted its own goals to be affected. When some scientist or other attempted to apply German methods of thought and teaching to his own nation he invariably failed because of the 'utilitarian' communal and national feeling of his colleagues and of his educational authorities.

The contrast between scientific absolutism in Germany and the utilization of science for national benefit

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abroad, especially in France, England and America, was naturally most apparent in the fields of philosophy, theology and history. During the last few decades it has become very apparent in the field of economics in which Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans directed their attention in a most practical fashion toward the welfare of their nations. Charles Gide, Rist and Keynes will serve as examples. German economists, with a few shining exceptions, developed nothing but a very complex and in the final analysis quite useless network of economic theory, which included a national economy that was heading for ruin. This abstract and absolute German science, however, was not an artificial system constructed by impractical minds. It was the sad consequence of an unfortunate political development in the last century, of those first decades in particular when science was being reorganized in all the civilized nations. Here, then, is an illustration of the connection between politics and science.

The scientific geniuses of England, America and France daily helped to form and influence the political life of their nations, because a non-political science would have led to the loss of political territory. In Germany, on the other hand, science at first struggled desperately to participate in the national growth but finally had to devote itself to fields that were non-political and far from the life of the people. Who but Fichte and Steffens called Prussia to fight against Napoleon and placed their lectures at the service of the nation? Who but Hegel and Humboldt were the first to give attention to the practical reconstruction of German law? Who but the famous Göttingen professors led in the struggle against reaction when it threatened to push the people and their intellectual representatives back into apathy toward political events—back into the spirit of submission? And who but Droysen and the many other scholars and professors who sat in St. Paul's Church in Frankfort were the idealists of 1848 and 1849 who wished to help the German Reich achieve new life, new splendor?

All these 'political' thinkers of the kind that science again needs today were pushed aside. Their science was condemned to self-sufficiency. But it would be utterly false to deny their work political significance, to regard it merely as science playing at politics. In their scientific thinking these scholars were strongly influenced by the political ideas that were current in their time. They based their professional work upon the realities of everyday life and worked actively for the political as well as practical welfare of the nation. And the scientific methods which they developed under hardships became law for their successors.

No, German scientists can never be reproached for their lack of nationalism; but their scientific world often was closed off. Sometimes it was even arrogant in its isolation. Precisely for that reason it was an unhappy world compared with that of the scientists abroad who shared in the life of their nations and took an active part in movements to promote their welfare. This is a heritage that German science is today reclaiming in the National Socialist Reich. But its steadfastness of purpose is derived from the totalitarian character of the Führer-State and its aim is to base its work solely on the National Socialist atti-

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tude toward the State and the world. Many foreigners believe that this uniform attitude has been brought about by compulsion. They must be told that National Socialism cannot recognize any German policy that is not guided solely by National Socialist principles.

German science and higher education now face the task of discovering new means of serving the nation. Most of our scientists, old as well as young, have already found many such new ways, as has been proved, for example, in the field of law. Our outstanding specialists gather on the scientific and bill-drafting commissions and in the Academy for German Law to place their knowledge at the service of the people. To expect these institutions to function with machine-like speed and smoothness, constructing paragraph after paragraph according to simple principles, would be to misinterpret their work. The achievements that have already been made in preparing legislation were made possible because the profound experience and deliberation of science were brought to bear on practical needs. Less publicized, though not less important in developing the national consciousness and in forming political ideas, are the accomplishments of the Reich Institute for the Historical Research of the New Germany and those of the Reich League for Pre-Historical Research.

It is true that many seminars still cling to the traditional abstract scientific method—a method which should certainly not disappear but which should cease to be an end in itself. On the other hand, here and there we find a tendency to cherish study for its own sake, which ultimately can only lead to the over-elaborate methods of instruction which prevail in France. Here, again, the aim, of which Reich Minister Rust recently spoke, is to bring general principles and political necessities into the correct relationship in order that there may be really comprehensive scientific research. That is to say, science and study must be placed in the service of the nation in such a way that pure abstraction will be overcome. Nevertheless, study should not become mere instruction nor should science devote itself entirely to material ends.

III. Objective Criticism—A Satire

By E. E. Kellett

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

A RECENT trial in Germany has aroused widespread interest. It will be remembered that late in November Dr. Goebbels, the Minister for National Enlightenment and Propaganda, announced that criticism of works of art was forbidden; it could not be tolerated that writers should be allowed to pass judgments on actors, dramatists, musicians, or poets. Unless the critic could do better in the art than the man he presumed to appraise, he had better be silent, or at most confine himself to an objective and impersonal description of the work under consideration.

In flagrant contempt of this decree, one Hans Schmidt, a contributor

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to the *Schachspieler* (Chess-player), had the audacity to pass a subjective judgment on the play of Dr. Euwe in the recent Nottingham tourney. His actual words were as follows:—

'At this point Dr. Euwe was guilty of a gross oversight. After playing remarkably well during the first part of the game, he carelessly moved his Bishop into a loose and undefended position. His opponent, Dr. Lasker, taking prompt advantage of the error, moved his pawn, and shortly afterwards gained a piece. Continuing to play with great skill, he compelled Dr. Euwe to resign in half a dozen more moves.'

The speech of the Public Prosecutor began by pointing out how often a critic of a work of art had, under the transparent veil of æsthetic appraisals, conveyed a covert censure of the Nazi régime. If such a crime was possible with the drama or with poetry, how much easier was it in connection with the game of chess, which, it was well known, had repeatedly been treated as a political allegory. A check to the king might, with no great dexterity, be so spoken of as to denote an attack on the Führer; and the Government was determined to put down such disguised treason with the utmost rigor of the law.

'But,' went on the Prosecutor, 'to leave that point and to proceed to the crime now before us. It will be seen that this Hans Schmidt has contravened every one of Dr. Goebbels's injunctions in the most open and unabashed fashion; and there will, on that account, be no need for me to inquire whether he has not, in addition, been guilty of allegorical or symbolical treason. I have no doubt that, were I to investigate the point, I should find, lurking beneath the surface of his words, an inveterate antagonism to our system. But I will not insist on that; I merely ask you to bear it in mind. His overt act is enough to condemn him. To quote the words of our great Nazi poet, his offence is rank and smells to heaven.

'First, he has dared to criticize art; for that chess is an art needs no proof. Who can deny that its combinations often show an almost lyrical beauty? Its moves are rhythmical, like those of a dance; its revelations surprising; and the chess-player's eye, like the poet's, often rolls in a fine frenzy; glances from earth to heaven, and almost literally bodies forth the forms of things unknown. Chess is poetry, and it has been the theme of poets. Long ago Vida made the 'Art of Chess' the subject of some elegant cantos—Vida, who, had he lived today, would have been a devoted adherent of Signor Mussolini, and thus a friend of our Führer.

'Chess being an art, then, this "know-better" Hans Schmidt had no business to criticize it at all. For, as Dr. Goebbels has shown, criticism discourages the artist, and prevents him from putting forth of his best. How can we expect Nordic chess-players to gain the supremacy which is their due if they are to be subject to the carping strictures of lookers-on? Justly has our Minister forbidden this presumption. The utmost Schmidt had a right to do was to record the moves, and that in our noble Nordic notation, and not in the effete anti-Nazi style of England and America.

'Think again. No one has a right to judge an artist unless he is a better performer than that artist. Is Schmidt a better player than Dr. Euwe? I have

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looked into his record, and I believe that Dr. Euwe could give him a pawn, a move, and a beating. Let him wait awhile before he accuses an Euwe of error! Was there ever a greater piece of insolence than that a third or fourth-rate chess-player should dare to use an expression like "carelessness" about a man of such world-wide repute, such universally acknowledged eminence, as the champion?

'Incidentally, in attacking Dr. Euwe he is insulting our Aryan race. For, though Dr. Euwe is a Dutchman, he belongs to the outer fringe of Germanism, which we shall not long permit to remain the fringe. Nor is it necessary to point out that, even were biological and genealogical evidence not available, Dr. Euwe's great ability would by itself prove his Germanic origin, as a similar argument would show that Philidor, La Bourdonnais, and Morphy all belonged to our unique and noble race. Schmidt, therefore, must beware!

'But to return. The decree, as I said, lays down that criticism—if I must use the word—should be impersonal and objective. It must describe the work, and say nothing about the author. Why then, I ask, did not Schmidt, when telling us that Lasker took instant advantage of Dr. Euwe's error—why did Schmidt not add that Lasker is a Jew, a member of the most detestable of races, the most grasping, the most insidious? This is the Lasker who, during a quarter of a century, by dint of a low cunning, maintained himself as chess-champion of the world, thus, in true Liberalistic-Semitic fashion, depriving Nordic players of their legitimate rights. Nay, in his early youth, by similar devices, he managed to take the highest mathematical honors in his University, thus here also preventing some member of a nobler stock from achieving that distinction. And now we find Schmidt describing him as "prompt," and as showing skill. Why, I ask, did he not use other terms? Why did he not speak of indecent haste and underhand craft? Why, further, did he conceal Lasker's sinister origin? Where is that impersonality and objectivity which Dr. Goebbels so rightly demands from criticism? To slur over a man's Judaic descent is to forget that you cannot appraise a man's work duly until you know whether his grandmother was a Jewess or a Gentile: then only can you be truly objective.

'But the explanation is only too plain. Schmidt himself is a Jew. He has not the Hebraic features—but there is his cunning. And his very name betrays him. It is so common in Germany that it is constantly adopted as an alias by those who, for one reason or another, wish their true one not to be known. Beyond doubt Schmidt is an Israel, an Abraham, or even a Marx. When our Führer determined to change *his* family designation, how differently he acted! Do we say *Heil Schmidt?* A thousand times No! Gentlemen, deal out fearless and impartial justice; cleanse the State of its dangerous taint; remove its persistent and subtle adversaries; say with me *Heil Hitler*, and give this crafty intriguer the punishment he has earned.'

After a short deliberation, the jury found Schmidt guilty, and he was sentenced to three years' detention in a concentration-camp, no chess-board being allowed him.

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A strange tale by the venerable Bengali poet and Nobel prizeman in literature.

The Wayfarer

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated by SURENDRANATH TAGORE

From the *Modern Review*
Calcutta Nationalist Monthly

FAR from Calcutta there is a spot where I occasionally live and work in seclusion. My simple village neighbors apparently have not arrived at any particular estimate of me. They cannot put me down as an epicure, for I do not waste my nights in the manner of town voluptuaries; nor as an ascetic, for signs of wealth are not entirely wanting around me. I do not appear to be a pilgrim, for my saunterings point to no goal; nor a householder, for no evidences of family life are visible. Unable to place me, they do not bother about me, and I am left in peace.

At last, however, I have reason to believe that there is one person in the village who has come to a conclusion about me—who, at least, does not ignore me as of no account. I first came across this person one afternoon in the rainy season.

Like wet eyelashes after a shower of tears was the look of the foliage. The air bore the freshness and exhilaration of a breeze which springs up during a lull in the rain. I was standing by the garden pool, watching a cow munching the lush grass. As the sun lit up her sleekness, it struck me how misguided are the myriad tailoring enterprises of civilization whose business it is to keep the sunlight off the body.

It was then that the woman came up from somewhere behind and made me a profound obeisance. She had packets of fresh flowers—gardenias, oleanders and others—wrapped in leaves and carefully tied up in a corner of her ascetic's robe.

'My offering to my God,' she said, as she handed me one of these packets with reverentially joined palms. She left as suddenly as she came. I was so surprised that I could not even take a proper look at her.

It was a simple thing she had done, yet it had a curiously stimulating effect on my consciousness. The tranquil existence of that same cow, relishing the succulent herbage with great gasps of enjoyment, her tail swishing in the wan light of the declining sun,

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was borne in upon me in all its wonder.

The reader may smile; but my whole being was filled with ecstasy and I made an obeisance to the Lord of my life. And as I plucked some young shoots from a branch of the mango tree and offered them to the cow, I felt it to be an act of worship.

II

The next time I came to my retreat, it was early in the spring. I was sitting in my room upstairs engaged in writing when my servant came and said that Anandi, the Vaishnavi* woman, wanted to see me. With no idea who it could be I absentmindedly asked that she be shown up.

The Vaishnavi entered and took the dust of my feet, whereupon I saw it was the same woman who had accosted me in the garden. She had passed the age for inquiring whether or not she was good looking, but she was well formed, slightly taller than the average, and she had a frank, unhesitating manner. Her features, however, were softened by an expression of constant devotion. Most striking of all were her eyes, through which some penetrating power within seemed to bring distant things near to her.

Piercing me with her strange eyes she said: 'What is all this I see about you? What made you bring me to this place? The sight of you I used to have under the trees was better for me.'

It appeared that she had often watched me, without my knowing it, while I was in the garden, or walking outside. Recently I had caught a cold, which made me stay in, content to hold my communion with the evening sky from the little terrace in front of my room. So she had not seen me for some days.

After a pause she said: 'Master! My Lord-Incarnate, give me a message.'

I was in a quandary. At length I replied: 'It is not for me to give or to receive messages. I am concerned with what comes to me when I sit in silence with closed eyes. Now that I have seen you, it has been both seeing and hearing for me.'

This pleased her. 'Master!' she cried. 'Indeed my Lord does not speak with tongues, but with His whole being.'

'When we are silent,' I continued, 'we can hear Him with our whole being. That is why I come here to listen.'

'I know that,' she said, 'and so I come to sit by you.'

I was curious to know what kind of family she came from, but my inquiries had not led to anything very definite. Her mother was well off, I learned, and had come to know of the bad impression her wayfaring daughter had been making on the villagers. The mother now wanted her to return to her husband's home, but Anandi would not hear of it.

'How do you make your living?' I asked her.

In reply I was told that some admirer had made her a gift of land—a wonderful piece of land—which yielded sufficient not only for her own needs, but for those of many others as well. Then with a smile she said: 'I had everything I wanted. I gave it all up. And now I beg for what I want. Can you tell me why?'

Had this question been raised in

* *The Vaishnavs of Bengal have no fixed abode, nor do they follow any set religious or social usages.* —TRANSLATOR.

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Calcutta, it would have led to an argument. I would have pointed out the harm that is done to the social system as a whole by such mode of life. But in this kind of place one's mask of book-learning drops off. Well-worn economic maxims refused to pass my lips in the presence of the Vaishnavi's naïve simplicity. I remained silent.

'No, no,' she went on, as if replying to my unspoken thought. 'This is ever so much better. The alms I receive are nectar to me!'

I could see what she meant. A vested right is claimed to be one's own as a matter of course; what is received by asking serves to remind one of the Giver.

I wanted to ask about her married life, but since she had not spoken of her husband I could not bring myself to do it.

The Vaishnavi did not frequent the respectable quarters of the village.

'They give nothing to the Lord,' she explained. 'They only know how to take.'

The people of the locality in which she now happened to be staying had an evil reputation. 'It's better to be amongst them,' I said tritely, 'for by showing such people the way you will be serving the Lord.'

This suggestion did not appeal to her.

'You mean,' said she, fixing on me her revealing eyes, 'since the Lord is also among sinners, I shall be with Him if I am among them?'

'Yes,' I agreed.

'No doubt,' she continued, 'the Lord is everywhere. But what's that to me? I must search for my own God where He is.' With this she made another obeisance to me.

Of course I did not take this as directed to me personally, so I neither accepted nor returned her salutation. She clearly meant that it was all very well to assert that God is omnipresent, but that He truly exists only where one actually feels His presence.

When the Vaishnavi came again the next morning, I was writing as usual. This seemed to annoy her. I could see that she was perturbed by the numerous coverings in which she found me encased. She had first to mount the stairs to get near me. When she wanted to take the dust off my feet she came up against my socks. Then I am always immersed in my writing.

'I wonder why God makes you waste your time, working so hard!' she remarked.

'Being a good-for-nothing person,' I replied, 'the Lord keeps me at it, lest I go wrong. And so many useless tasks seem to have fallen to my lot.'

'Master!' she exclaimed ecstatically with folded hands. 'This morning as soon as I opened my eyes and sat up on my bed, I received the touch of your lotus feet. Ah, the coolness of it, the solace of it! I kept them clasped to my forehead, I know not how long. That was enough for me, more than enough. But why then do I come here? Tell me truly, Master, is there some illusion in it?'

III

The next evening, when I was out on the terrace watching the evening star climb upward, the Vaishnavi came to sit by me, and this time she told me her story. I give it in her own words.

'My husband was a simple-minded

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man. Many thought he was too foolish to understand anything properly. But I know that those who understand simply, understand truly. I could also see that in his farming, and in his buying and selling, he never got cheated. He was methodical both at home and in his business. He did not lose money because he was not greedy for profit. What he needed he was careful about; what was beyond his means he did not hanker after.

'My husband's father died before our marriage, and his mother's death followed shortly after. So there was no one over us in our home. But my husband could not do without having some one to look up to and—it shames me to say it—it was me he seemed to regard with reverence.

'The object of his supreme adoration, however, was his Guru—his hereditary spiritual teacher. For him it was not only traditional reverence, but a rare, surpassing love that filled his heart. His Guru was his own age, and oh, of such divine beauty!'

Here the Vaishnavi's gaze seemed to wander as she hummed the Vaishnav lyric about the body-divine made of the first beams of the dawning sun strained through the nectar of love.

'This son of his family preceptor had been his playmate when they were boys and from that time on my husband's heart had been completely given to him. The boy Guru, for his part, looked on my husband as a simpleton and he and his companions played many mischievous tricks on the unsuspecting soul.

'After our marriage, I did not see his boyhood friend for several years. He was away in Benares for his religious training, the entire expense of which was borne by my husband. When our Guru returned home I had just turned eighteen.

'Shortly before this a son had been born to me. I was so immature that I had no idea of how to rear a child. My time used to be spent in going about with my girl friends in the village, and I rather felt that the child was in the way. The poor little creature even irritated me sometimes when he kept me tied down to the house.

'The boy was the apple of his father's eye and my husband suffered deeply to find me incapable of looking after the little one. But he never spoke of it. He never complained of anything.

'He looked after his son with a mother's devotion. If the child cried in the night, it did not disturb the heavy sleep of my youth. It was the father who warmed its milk and comforted his darling, all so quietly that I never knew anything about it. My husband was so quiet in all his ways.

'If there was a theatrical performance at the Zamindar's place he would say: "You had better go, and let me rest at home. You know I can't stand staying up at night." He knew that unless he remained at home my duty to the child would not allow me to go.

'And yet, strangely enough, it was on me that the boy lavished all his affection. He seemed to understand that I wanted to keep away from him, and so he was always afraid of losing me altogether. Perhaps it was because he saw so little of me that he yearned for me.

'When I went for my daily bath to the lake near by, the child would beg to be taken along. But the bathing

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steps were where the village girls assembled to gossip and I did not care to be distracted by having to look after him. So I rarely took him with me.

'The lake was an artificial one called Rani Dighi because it had been dug by some Rani of old. At the height of the rainy season it was so wide that I was the only girl who could swim across it. One day, bank on bank of black clouds completely enshrouded the midday sun. The boy cried piteously to come with me, but I said to the kitchen girl: "Will you look after the youngster? I'll have a plunge and hurry back home."

'When I arrived at the bathing place, none of the others had turned up, so I started to have just one swim across and back. A good way out I seemed to hear a call of "Mother!" Turning my head I saw my little one calling me as he came toddling down the steps toward the water.

'"I'm coming!" I shouted. "Stop where you are!"

'But the truant laughed in glee at my impotent words and kept on.

'I was paralyzed with horror and my limbs refused to move. I closed my eyes to shut out the inevitable. Then the childish laughter that rang in my ears came to a sudden stop when the little one fell from the slippery bottom step.

'When I somehow managed to return, it was to lay on my lap the lifeless form which I raised from the depths, the little Gopal who had thirsted so for his mother's arms.

'All the tears I had made my Gopal shed recoiled on me. I left him behind when he was with me. He now clings to me day and night—yet I have him not.

'What the blow meant for my husband, only the Dweller-within knows. It would have been ever so much easier for me had he reviled me. But he only knew how to suffer.

IV

'While I was still wild with the shock of the tragedy, our Guru came home from Benares. My husband's boyhood reverence was transformed into sheer veneration. His Guru had returned after all this time, illumined with wisdom. Who could have thought that they had once played together, for the disciple now hardly dared to speak to his Guru!

'My husband begged him to console me and thereupon our Guru took to reading me words of wisdom from the *Shastras*. I can't say that the words by themselves did me any good; what value they had for me was because I heard them from his lips.

'The reverence of my husband for his Guru filled our household as the honey fills the hive. It touched everything, our home life and our relations with our neighbors, and it was utterly sincere. Immersed in it too with my whole heart, I was at length consoled. And like my husband I also came to worship the Guru.

'Every day at noon our Guru would come to receive our offering of food, which we would afterwards partake of as a blessing from him. We looked forward to this from our first wakeful moment.

'When I peeled and sliced the vegetables for his delectation, my fingers tingled with joy. As we were not Brahmins, I could not have the privilege of doing the cooking myself, and that left a certain hunger in my heart

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unappeased. Ocean of wisdom that he was, our Guru was sufficient unto himself and had few worldly wants. But a simple woman like me could only serve him by ministering to his material needs and even in that there was this gap.

'My husband was immensely pleased at the devotion with which I served our Guru, and it also increased his reverence for me. When he further saw how keen our preceptor himself was to discuss the *Shastras* with me, it seemed to him a gracious boon of providence that the simpleton, who by reason of his simplicity had been deprived of such communion with his Guru, was at length permitted to make him a spiritual offering through his more gifted wife.

'In this way the years went by so smoothly that I was unaware of how they passed. My whole life could have flowed on in this peaceful way. And then in a moment everything was changed.

'It was a spring morning. I was returning after my bath in the lake, in my wet clothes. At a turn in the road through the mango grove I saw our Guru approaching. He had a towel over his shoulder, and was going for his own bath, murmuring some holy text.

'Ashamed to meet him while so scantily clothed, I tried to pass him by along a side path. But he called me by name and I stood still, shrinking within myself, with eyes downcast.

'He gazed at me fixedly for a while, and then said: "You have a beautiful body."

'The birds were singing on the blossoming mango branches overhead; the scent of the wild flowers came from every thicket on the wayside. It suddenly seemed to me that all nature was reveling in rapturous disarray. . . .

'How I got home I know not. I went straight to my prayer-room, wet as I was, but it seemed to me I could no longer see the Divine Image there, for the checkered light and shade of the mango grove kept dancing before my eyes.

'When the Guru came for his midday meal he asked: "Why isn't Anandi here today?" My husband searched for me, but could not find me.

V

'I knew the day would somehow pass, but at night I would have to face my husband. All would then be dark and silent. It was at such a time that my husband's heart would sparkle like a star. In the darkness I have sometimes heard him give utterance to thoughts that showed me how this simple man understood things in their truth. I used to be late in coming to him after finishing my housework, but he would always stay up for me. It was then that we usually had something to say to each other about our Guru.

'That night I was later than usual. It was past midnight. My husband had not gone to bed, but had fallen asleep as he had been reposing on a bolster on the floor. I laid myself down noiselessly at his feet. He tossed about in his sleep and I received a blow from his foot on my breast. I accepted it as his last gift to me.

'The next morning when he awoke, I was already sitting up at the window. There was a faint tinge of color in the sky to be seen over the top of the mango tree, but the birds had not yet begun to sing. I came to him and

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touched his feet with my head, in final salutation. He rose hastily and looked anxiously at my face.

'"I must renounce the world," I said.

'My husband must have thought he was still dreaming. He made no reply.

'"By my head I adjure you," I cried. "Marry another wife, for I must leave you and my home!"

'"What can you be talking about?" murmured my husband. "Who asked you to leave home?"

'"Our Guru."

'My husband was dumbfounded. "Our Guru!" he repeated numbly. "When did he tell you this?"

'"I met him yesterday, when returning from my bath. It was then."

'My husband's voice trembled. "What made him lay such a command on you?" he managed to bring out at length.

'"I don't know," I said. "Let him explain it if he will."

'"But surely you can renounce the world even while you stay at home. I'll put this to him."

'"He may accept your suggestion, but my heart will not. There's no longer any home for me."

'My husband sat silently for some time. When the sun rose and filled the room, he said: "Let's go to him together."

'"Forgive me," I said with folded hands. "It's forbidden for me to see him any more."

'My husband looked straight into my eyes until I lowered them. He said nothing more.

'Two people in this world had loved me beyond all else—my boy and my husband. Love can brook no falsity. One of them left me; I left the other. Now I am searching for Truth.'

With this Anandi, the Vaishnavi, made me her parting obeisance.

Ein Feste Burg . . .

One cannot be a good German and at the same time deny God, but an avowal of faith in the eternal Germany is at the same time an avowal of faith in the eternal God. For us the service of Germany is the service of God. If we act as true Germans, we act according to the laws of God. Whoever serves Adolf Hitler, the Führer, serves Germany, and whoever serves Germany serves God.

—Baldur von Schirach, Reich Youth Leader

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A well-known English scientist marvels at the calmness of the Madrileños during the bombardment. Here are also an eyewitness's report of conditions in Fascist Spain and an explanation of why Portugal wants General Franco to win.

Below *the* Pyrenees

I. Eyewitness at Madrid

By J. B. S. Haldane

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

I HAVE just spent three weeks in Madrid, which is surrounded by the enemy on three sides and is being bombarded by both guns and airplanes. These three weeks were among the happiest of my life. I want to tell you why.

Come with me for a walk down the Gran Via in Madrid, a street bordered by tall buildings. Imagine yourself in Oxford Street, or Regent Street if you like. It is 4 p.m., the street is fairly crowded. The shops mostly have their shutters down to protect their plate-glass from splinters, but the doors are generally open. On the broad pavements peddlers are selling caps, bootlaces, clasp-knives, razor-blades and other oddments.

There is a sudden bang, and a cloud of dust high up. A shell has hit the Telefonica, a tall building which includes the city's main telephone exchange. Does everyone start running for shelter? I wish they would, because I don't like being shelled, but on the contrary, half-a-dozen people put their heads out of windows in the Telefonica, apparently to get a good view of the next explosion. The crowd in the street slowly and almost apologetically concentrates on the side which it thinks is safest, and either walks on or waits in doorways.

It is the same during air raids. The shelling is not so bad as in many French towns in the Great War. But the air raids are far worse than anything we ever had in London. The first sign of an air raid is that everyone

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runs to the windows and puts their heads out. I don't altogether blame them. An air battle is a wonderful sight. There are very few anti-aircraft guns in Madrid, and the Government is forbidden to buy any more. So the bombers fly quite low, and one learns to distinguish the German Junkers from the Italian Capronis by their sound. The big bombers keep a V-shaped formation. The enemy chasers fly round them, trying to keep off the very fast Government chasers. The gray tracks of tracer bullets show where machine-guns are being fired.

In spite of the bombing, people don't want to leave Madrid, any more than they will take cover from shells. You may think them silly, but I'm not so sure. Here is roughly what they say: 'We may get killed, but we shall die somehow anyway. And we might live hundreds of lives without taking part in one of the greatest events in world history, as we are today. We are not going to leave Madrid, and we are not going to send our children away. They would never forgive us.'

Courage is not the only virtue which the people of Madrid show. There is a fair amount of food, and it is given out in rations, so no one starves, though the quality is poor. But there is a terrible shortage of fuel, and it is bitterly cold. The coal queues are much longer than the bread queues. Now here is a striking thing. About half the population is in commandeered houses. Yet they don't burn the furniture, or strip the woodwork for fuel. And I noticed only four trees which had been cut down for firewood.

Although there are no policemen, Madrid is an extremely orderly city. Some people are impressed by the jewelry in the shop windows. I find the trees more impressive. The citizens of Madrid have put themselves under a voluntary discipline. They believe that their efforts and sacrifices will mean the death of Fascism, and the birth of a new social order. They are determined that their fight shall be noble, not only in its main plan, but in its tiniest details. And that is why, if I lived for a thousand years, it might still be my proudest boast that on Christmas day, 1936, I was a citizen of Madrid.

II. Eyewitness in Fascist Spain

By G. H. Keeling

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

With four other Members of Parliament I recently returned from a visit to that part of Spain which is being governed by General Franco. He is in possession of about half the country—the whole of the Western half except the Basque country in the North. Our party was, of course, in no sense a deputation from the House of Commons. We went in an entirely private capacity, to see for ourselves. Our visit served one additional purpose. The recent visit of six other Members of Parliament to Madrid and Barcelona had produced the impression in some quarters that the House of Commons was interested only in the Madrid Government. We

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believe that our visit dispelled this idea.

We were impressed with the orderly state of the country under Franco's rule. We saw nothing to support the statement that his rebellion has reduced the country to chaos. In the territory he is now governing life is going on in a fairly normal way. Trade is open and free, and there is no shortage of food. There has been very little rise in prices, and it is not true that the civil population is being kept under control by violence. We motored and walked everywhere without an escort, and even close to the front line the inhabitants seemed to be under no sort of restraint. This seems to disprove the suggestion that the people are disaffected. It is unfortunately true that many thousands have been executed because of their alleged sympathy with the Madrid Government, just as many thousands have been executed in Madrid.

We saw no German troops in or near the front line, and I do not think there are many, if any, German infantry there. We saw a large number of Germans and Italians well behind the line. They were being employed in airplanes and tanks, and in manning German anti-aircraft guns.

The German airplane in Spain seems to be no match for the Russian. The German anti-aircraft gun, on the other hand, has been very successful in bringing down Russian machines. The Russian tank, which carries a 2.3-inch gun in a revolving turret, as well as a machine-gun, is also superior to the German, and it seems likely that but for the Russian tanks Franco would have entered Madrid in October. His troops have, however, found a way of defeating the Russian tanks if they can get close enough. A bottle of petrol is thrown against the caterpillar on one side of the tank, followed by a small bomb which ignites the petrol. The flames burn the rubber rollers of the caterpillar, causing it to jam. The heat of the flames may also compel the crew of the tank to come out and surrender. The Germans, and I daresay the Russians too, regard the Spanish civil war as a Heaven-sent opportunity for trying out the latest inventions in airplanes, tanks and guns, especially anti-aircraft guns.

At the time of our visit Franco's army outside Madrid did not, we were told, exceed 20,000 in number. Of these about 8,000 belong to the Foreign Legion, about 8,000 are volunteers, either Fascists from the South or Traditionalists from the North, and about 1,500 belong to the Moroccan army.

It must not be supposed that the Foreign Legion are all foreigners. At least 85 per cent of them are Spaniards. Nor are all the men in the Moroccan regiments Moors. By law 25 per cent of them must be Spaniards. There is little color prejudice in Spain, and Moors and Spaniards fight and live side by side quite amicably. I doubt whether Franco's employment of Moors causes any genuine indignation in Spain.

I have no time to speak of the causes for which the two sides are fighting, and I express no opinion on the probable result of the war. But I returned home convinced of one thing. The less England takes sides and the more she uses her influence to limit the intervention of other Powers, the better it will be for England, for Spain, and for the world.

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III. Anxious Portugal

By Pierre La Mazière

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

A LITTLE more than one hundred miles from the Portuguese capital lies the Spanish frontier, beyond which the civil war adds daily to the huge toll of death and destruction. One might expect to find Lisbon gripped by panic at the thought of what will happen to Portugal after the war is over, when the victors may turn their attention to their neighbor.

For Portugal's fate is being decided on Spain's battlefields.

Well, to judge by appearances, Lisbon is neither sad nor apprehensive. Throughout the winter day, as radiant and mild as spring, from morning until late at night, the people fill the streets and stand around in the squares carrying on their usual rambling discussions without showing any sign of anxiety. They crowd into the cafés and seem to enjoy everything: the idleness, the chatter, the infernal noise made by the automobile horns, the rumbling of the street cars, the policemen's whistles and the cries of the army of newsboys, hawkers of lottery tickets and bootblacks in their blue overalls. They read their papers, stop to look at the latest dispatches on the bulletin boards without any comment and continue their walk or, perhaps, they are content to stand and watch the animated scene around them.

And yet, in their hearts, they are worried. They do not reveal their anxiety outwardly because centuries of suffering have taught their race to accept whatever fate has in store for them without showing any emotion. But the gentle, peaceable Portuguese know very well that most of the political groups in the Spanish Popular Front believe that the two States of the Iberian Peninsula should be federated, like the Soviet Republics. How can they help knowing it with the Government-controlled newspapers and radio dinning it daily into their ears?

A Loyalist victory means the end of Portugal's independence, for she is incapable of defending herself. If that were to happen, they are told, Portugal and her immense colonial empire would fall under Madrid's domination. No wonder Portugal trembles for her future and prays that Franco may win.

There are still other reasons for fear. From the very first days of the Spanish conflict, Premier Oliveira Salazar, his Ministers and his followers declared their sympathy with the Rebels. Since then they have rejoiced at Rebel successes and grieved over Rebel defeats. They have aided Franco by every means in their power. All that is well known at Madrid. If the Government succeeds in subduing the Rebels, the attitude of the Lisbon Cabinet will be remembered and the Portuguese people will be made to pay dearly for Salazar's partisanship.

For this reason the Portuguese pray that the fortunes of war may favor the

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Rebels. It is not because they feel any special affection for Franco. They remember Spain's tyrannical rule of long ago, and they hate the Spaniards, who, in turn, despise them. But the fear of Communist Madrid makes them regard the Spanish Nationalists as their saviors.

They would have liked to see Lisbon follow the example of Rome and Berlin: recognize the leader of the Spanish rebellion as the rightful head of the Spanish State and provide him with material aid in his enterprise. If Oliveira Salazar had been free to do what he wished, he would undoubtedly have done both of those things. But to recognize Franco, who is supported, armed and financed by Germany would have irritated London. Portugal is a maritime nation and she cannot afford to antagonize Great Britain.

That is why Portugal's dictator, while pursuing his sympathetic policy toward the Rebels, turns from time to time to send a reassuring message to the British. That is why he has not as yet formally recognized Franco's government.

II

One must admit that Salazar made up for his failure to recognize Franco by doing all in his power to help him in other respects. During the first weeks of hostilities he permitted war materials from Germany to be landed in Lisbon and forwarded across the border to the Rebels. He permitted Franco to set up a broadcasting station which not only disseminated propaganda but gave the positions of the Government warships, thus making them easy victims for the Rebel bombs and mines. In short Premier Salazar did everything in his power to show his sympathy to his Spanish friends.

Could he have done more? Could he have sent materials, officers, military instructors across the border, as many would have liked him to do? In spite of all his good will, he found that impossible because of the weakness of the Portuguese army. It is true that the soldiers are well-fed, well-clothed and shod, and that they live in decent barracks. The General Staff knows its job. In battle, the military leaders would probably show themselves masters of strategy and the troops would fight courageously. But it is useless to deny that the forces are poorly equipped.

The infantry is armed with Mausers which are so old that the rifling in their barrels has been worn smooth. These ancient weapons are equipped not with bayonets, but with 'kitchen knives,' which resemble the sabers one used to see dangling at the sides of orderlies before the War. Artillery? Until a few weeks ago it was composed of some thirteen batteries of 1913 models with warped breeches. The guns sometimes explode when an attempt is made to fire them. Such weapons are far more dangerous to those who handle them than they are to the enemy. The artillery has only recently been reinforced by the purchase of 240 Brandt mortars in France. The air force is negligible, except for ten Junkers bombers which Portugal bought abroad last December.

As one proceeds with this inventory one begins to understand why Salazar has not sent any of his own munitions to Spain.

Nevertheless Franco gets much

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from Portugal that is useful for making war. Many of his prosperous compatriots, who had fled from their country when the first riots broke out, had made their residence at the enchanting sea resort of Estoril. These prudent and fortunate men had followed the example of their last King by depositing their fortunes in foreign banks. Now they can draw on these funds to supply their chief with the money he needs. Friends in Lisbon and Oporto have less to offer in the way of financial support, but they, too, do what they can. They organize drives for contributions, and send medicine, food, tobacco and sweets to the Rebel forces.

A well-informed and thoughtful Portuguese, who was able to judge the situation as objectively as any man whose country's fate is at stake, said to me:—

'Everything indicates that this war will last a long time, but it is not too early to speculate on its results for Portugal. Let us suppose that it will end before foreign Powers are dragged in. In that case one or the other of the factions will win. I hope that it will be Franco, for then we can breathe again. We can awaken from our nightmare. We will then be safe, unless. . . .'

The speaker's face showed anxiety.

'Unless?' I repeated, to encourage him to continue.

'Unless, the day after he wins, Franco decides to pay his bills at our expense. Both Germany and Italy need colonies. If Franco should ask us to cede some of our overseas possessions to his powerful friends, there is absolutely nothing we could do about it.'

'That would be poor gratitude for your good offices.'

'The word *gratitude*,' he declared with emphasis, 'simply does not exist in the political vocabulary.'

'So that you will have made a fool's bargain?'

'Yes,' he replied, 'that is something we will always have to fear. But to go on. Let us suppose that the Popular Front wins. It is not difficult to guess what will follow. We can mobilize. We can concentrate all our strength on our frontier. We can resist with all our strength. But we cannot expect to be any more successful than Belgium and Serbia were in 1914. Compromised as we are by our dealings with Franco, we would be overwhelmed and annexed.'

III

During the two weeks I spent in Portugal I did not see a single portrait of Oliveira Salazar. In vain I sought in photographers' windows, in bookshops, in the postcard peddlers' trays the picture of the man who holds Portugal under his thumb. More astonishing still was the fact that his name is rarely mentioned in newspapers.

That fact seemed to me very characteristic of the man. He is a dictator but, unlike other dictators, he remains behind the scenes and seldom speaks.

Salazar's motto is *Tudo pela Nação*—'All for the Nation'—which means work, discipline, honesty, duty and unselfishness. Above all is the *Struggle Against Communism!* Innumerable posters, placards, leaflets cover town and countryside, all of them urging 'the employer, the worker, the merchant, the professor, the student, the lawyer—everybody'—to

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fight Communism! The papers preach action against the mobs of Moscow and—yes, those of Paris! Citizens in all the important centers, doubtless animated by the best of patriotic intentions, form defensive and militant groups having as their slogans: 'Long live Portugal!' 'Long live Salazar!' and 'Long live Nationalist Spain!' At Sunday meetings in the provinces the urgent necessity of exterminating the 'Red Hydra' is preached with burning eloquence.

All this frenzy would seem reasonable if Communism existed in Portugal. But it doesn't! The sympathizers it may claim in the industrial centers are too few to be a cause for alarm. The Portuguese nation as a whole does not appear to harbor any subversive sentiments.

In evolving his philosophy of government Premier Salazar has come to see the fight against Communism not as a means to an end but as an end in itself. This professor, who took holy orders in his youth and who has remained profoundly religious, has the soul of a crusader. By the saddest of paradoxes it is precisely because he wishes to protect his country from evil that he is exposing it to great danger by stirring up relentlessly and methodically his people's hatred of the Madrid Government. His position is tragic. But he is so involved now that he could not change his policy even if he wanted to do so.

Idiot's Delight

In accordance with the Government's decree of July 3, 1936, the Café Biland, Blumenbergplatz, St. Gallen, is now in a position to offer its guests complete 'black-out' protection. Come and admire our restaurant and tea-room, which have been equipped with alarms and darkening devices. Air raid drills every night. Anti-aircraft defense. In case of an emergency rush down into our original and attractive bomb-proof cellar-bar. Most extraordinary! The real thing!

—Advertisement in a St. Gallen, Switzerland, newspaper.

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The small French employer is caught between Blum's NRA and the '200.'

New Deal Troubles *in* France

By Francis Delaisi

Translated from *Vendredi*,
Paris Radical Weekly

THERE is no doubt that collective bargaining and paid vacations—the first tangible results of the victory of the French Popular Front—were excellent and necessary social reforms. But there are two sides to every medal. These reforms have increased the expenses of all business enterprises by as much as 10 or 15 per cent. The bigger concerns have accepted them without demur; some of them were frightened by the sit-down strikes while others were working for the Government or were being subsidized by it and were therefore able to pass on their additional expenses to the Treasury; public utilities, by manipulating the rates on a sliding scale principle, could shift the burden to the consumer.

Although big business could take the reforms in its stride, small business could not. For most of the small or medium-sized industries these new social taxes simply had to be added on to the cost of production, and, since there were no price fixing cartels among them, the selling price had to remain the same. After five years of depression their profits were small and their reserves were depleted. A forty-hour week which not only increased the number of their workers by 20 per cent but also forced them to pay higher wages was a serious matter to them.

The dissatisfaction of the small factory owners found expression in the creation of the U.T.R.E.S. (Union of Specialists for Economic and Social Reform). It was made up of men who were not affiliated with the C.G.T. (National Federation of Labor) but who nevertheless were ardent supporters of the Popular Front. The experiences of the neighboring countries demonstrated that the working class cannot successfully oppose Fascism without the coöperation of the middle class. That is particularly true in France where the middle class represents such a large proportion of the population. The purpose of the U.T.R.E.S. was to create within the middle class a series of organizations

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analogous to workers' syndicates, whose function would be to combat the exploitation of both the workers and the middle classes by the trusts.

They expected that the small industrialists would welcome them with open arms, since most of the latter had voted for the Popular Front in the elections of last May. Many of them learned their trade as workers in the factories before they went into business for themselves. They bought a few machines, usually on credit, and specialized in the manufacture of delicate machine parts and equipment which large industries need but cannot produce in large quantities because of the high degree of manual skill that is required. They hired from five to ten workers, sometimes even as many as fifty. Their employes were men whom they knew and with whom they worked in an atmosphere of friendly familiarity. These small employers have retained their democratic principles and have no sympathy for the famous 'Two Hundred Families' of bankers and industrialists that are supposed to rule France. On the contrary their dealings with the large factories have never been marked by any special cordiality because the latter encourage competition among them and generally exploit them.

II

I met these people on several occasions when I attended their organization meetings and I was surprised to detect an attitude of hostility toward the plans and work of the Labor Federation. I took pains to get them to talk to me, and many of their grievances seemed perfectly justified. It is significant that not one of them had anything to say against higher wages and paid vacations. All of them are too close to the workers not to realize that labor had been badly underpaid throughout the depression. But they felt that the legislation was foisted on them somewhat too abruptly and unceremoniously, and also that they should at least have been consulted.

The occupation of the factories by 'sit-down' strikers profoundly shocked them. Although admitting that this action was justified in many instances, they regretted that the movement had become universal. Many of them were dismayed to find their own workers, with whom they had always been on good terms, treating them as enemies because they had been ordered to do so. Even after the collective contracts were signed and properly performed the idea persisted among their workers that small industry is doomed and that the small employer is a capitalist. Nobody would admit that he could be facing ruin.

The reforms of last June had raised salaries from 10 to 15 per cent. That meant that an employer of five to fifty workers had to pay additional wages to the amount of from 500 to 5,000 francs a month. When the forty-hour week law goes into effect the payroll will be increased by 20 per cent. Altogether this means an increase of from 1,500 to 15,000 francs a month in production costs of the average small manufacturer. Most of these manufacturers must pay this money out of their reserves. It is true the older concerns have been able to accumulate a reserve at the time of prosperity. But these reserves were

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usually invested in securities, whose value has depreciated. These securities were usually deposited in banks as collateral and could not be sold without injury to the owner's credit.

'The situation is such,' I was told, 'that we are actually compelled to keep our poverty a secret.'

'But the Government has foreseen all that,' I expostulated, 'The Spinasse Law has provided a credit fund of 3½ billions from which loans could be made within a nine months' period to those who are unable to carry these new expenses while waiting for business to improve. And a vast program of public works has been announced in order to hasten business recovery.'

My words were received in frigid silence, which was followed by unanimous and heated protests. I understood that I had touched upon a tender point.

III

True enough, such a fund was established. Theoretically every small employer can apply to the People's Banks for a loan to cover one month's wages. This loan is payable in nine months at the rate of interest prevailing in the Bank of France. This was an essentially democratic measure. The Government realized that the new expenses imposed on the employers in the midst of the depression put them in difficulty, and sought to create some form of compensation. But big business was there with a scheme to prevent the plan from working. *Four* separate investigations to check up on the borrower's good faith were stipulated as a pre-requisite to every loan. That meant a separate report for the Departmental Directors of the Bank of France, for the local Chamber of Commerce, the Tax Collector and the local chief of police. Naturally after the third investigation a man's employes and customers would begin to look askance and doubt not only his solvency but also his honesty. This is particularly true in the provinces, where everybody knows everybody else.

The result was that the unfortunate applicant would run to the prefecture and say: 'Give me back my application; I don't want any part of your loan.'

Some applicants were threatened by their bankers with the withdrawal of all credit if they insisted on having a loan. Others were threatened with collection of their tax arrears. No wonder that most of the small employers were discouraged by these obstacles. A few particularly tenacious ones fought their way as far as the teller's cage in a People's Bank. But the latter can only advance money at the rate commensurate with the rediscount rate allowed it by the Bank of France, and that, unfortunately, is still the same as before the Spinasse Law was passed. The reason advanced for this is that the decree reorganizing the People's Banks was still unsigned as late as December 9th, while all applications for loans had to be made before December 1st!

As a result the applicants had to pass through the Central Office of the People's Banks, which honored their drafts at an interest rate that was 50 per cent higher than that of the Bank of France. As for the private banks, they either asked still higher rates or simply refused to make a loan. Out of the 3½ billion francs allocated by Parliament only 800 million or less

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than one-fourth had been drawn out by December 1. The three officials appointed by the Bank of France to keep the records protested with injured innocence that that was all the small employers had asked.

In the face of protests from all sides the Government extended the lending period, and we are assured that the amount of money loaned has now reached 1,500 million francs. Meanwhile many small and medium employers have been needlessly discouraged and irritated. Naturally it is not the bureaucracy that they hold responsible for their discomfiture but the Popular Front Government, which, they hold, has failed to live up to its promises.

'Besides, what's the use of those loans?' I was told. 'In nine months they have to be paid back. And how do we know that by that time business will be better?

'Raise prices? Large companies can do that because all competition among them has been abolished by the creation of cartels. But smaller concerns have not been able to come to a similar agreement; there are too many of us, for one thing, and our products are too varied. Besides the big business finds it to its advantage to encourage competition among us since they are our customers and profit by our efforts to underbid each other. We will be able to breathe only when the business index reaches the pre-War figure. Then, with our expenses fixed and our sales growing, we will be able to pay the higher wages which the law requires.'

'But,' I asked, 'hasn't the Government taken care of that too by announcing a vast program of public works? Hasn't it placed orders to the tune of 4 or 5 billion francs, in addition to the works already in progress?'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'But nobody talks about that now. And besides the orders would not do us much good. As you know, the Government always delays its payments—sometimes for as long as one or two years, or even more. While waiting for these payments, we have to borrow from the banks. The banks demand more security than most of us can give and their rates of interest are excessive.'

'True, but hasn't the Popular Front Government provided for that contingency also by creating a Fund for Financing State Works, where you could get at a very low rate the necessary money to pay your workers and creditors while waiting for the final settlement?'

'Oh, that Fund! The law was passed four months ago, true enough. But the decree authorizing the organization of the Fund has not as yet been signed. . . !'

IV

Still somewhat incredulous I continued my investigation within the bureaus themselves. Each of our Ministers commands a staff of experts, all of them alert and 'radical-minded' young officials and professors, who are only too eager to serve the Popular Front Government. They were the ones who have drawn up most of the laws passed by the Parliament, and they have carefully studied the decrees putting these laws into effect.

I found them greatly discouraged.

'Oh, yes,' they told me, 'the decrees are all right. After innumerable investigations and conferences they have been resubmitted to the Min-

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ister, who has signed them. But even the signature of the President of the Republic would not be enough. To go into effect a decree must be countersigned by a board of controllers without whose approval not a single penny can be spent. Well, these gentlemen systematically refuse to take any action!'

'But why?'

'Simply because they were appointed by the predecessors and the worst enemies of the Popular Front.'

'But why have they been permitted to remain?'

'They certainly expected to be fired. And there would have been nothing wrong about sending them to fill financial posts in the Departments. But the Government did not dare to do that for fear of annoying the big bankers. Thereupon these gentlemen saw that the great Popular Front Government was a Cabinet like all the others: so they are sitting back and waiting for their old masters to come back into power.'

'And what about the Bank of France?'

'It is the Bank of France that really controls the entire credit mechanism. By ousting the old Regents, the hereditary lords of the financial oligarchy, we hoped to throw its immense resources open to the small shareholders. Alas, we were pursuing a democratic mirage. When the Senate extended the right to vote to all shareholders, it gave them something that they never had and never wanted to have. Out of 40,631 newly eligible shareholders personally invited by the Governor General to the general assembly of last October, only 1,300 sent in a reply; only 800 bothered to attend; and 700 of these were mustered by M. Lemaigre-Dubrueil of the Federation of Taxpayers and by M. Duhem.

'These gentlemen took pains to have a general rehearsal on the eve of the meeting and to make sure of having a majority of votes. And sure enough, the next day they were elected to the Council along with the three former controllers from the days when the "Two Hundred" ran the Bank without interference. The four high officials representing the State in the new Council — the Governor of National Credit M. Baumgartner, the Director of the General Distribution of Funds M. Jacques Rueff, the Director of the Caisse des Dépots et Consignations Henri Duroy and the Governor of the Crédit Foncier J. Leclerc—all of them are Laval's creatures.

'The Governor General, supported by a handful of representatives from small industry, trade and labor, was helpless against these reactionaries. As a result, the two Assistant Governors and the Directors named by the former Regents kept their offices.'

V

This explains why the People's Banks have not been able to loan out more of the Credit Fund and why the Spinasse Law, which was intended to be so helpful to the small employer, has been hamstrung. The rulers of high finance still control the nation's business. They don't want the People's Banks to take away their good clients, the small employers, who pay the highest interest and by the variety of their products afford the greatest division of risks. They have quashed the Public Works plan and that of a bank to finance markets be-

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cause they feel that 4 billion francs of rearmament orders is enough to keep the pot boiling, and because they wanted to prevent the smaller manufacturers from getting Government contracts.

By spreading false rumors, they have prevented the return of money that has gone out of the country, because they want to keep the Government dependent upon them and to maintain a high discount rate for the national loans. They are using every kind of artifice to keep prices up so that the public will carry the brunt of the higher wages they have been forced to concede to their workers. Right now they are trying to put off the application of the reforms which they were the first to endorse. Their refusal to submit to arbitration is a provocateur's trick to create unrest among the working class; they know that the middle class will consider this continued unrest a direct result of the Government's policy.

They feel that they can pursue this course with impunity because, ironically enough, they do it under the auspices of the Popular Front. The French people still believe that in our so-called democracy the Ministers who are supposed to represent them have authority. They do not know that now, as for the last thirty years, the Government is being virtually run by an unscrupulous and selfish oligarchy.

Nevertheless and Notwithstanding

Recognizing unconditionally the failure of the League in the Italo-Abyssinian conflict, I fully agree with the policy of my eminent colleague, Mr. Eden, as to the advisability of standing firmly behind the League, and trying to make the best of it.

—Jonkheer A. C. D. de Graeff,
Foreign Minister of the Netherlands

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Persons and Personages

Yvon Delbos

By Friedrich Sieburg

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, German Coördinated Daily

THE French Chamber of Deputies which was elected last May somehow seems slenderer than those that went before. A new type of Deputy is evolving—a type which is losing the old characteristics of the professional politician and is generally younger, tenser and leaner. Girth is on the wane. In the last Chamber the man of fifty prevailed. He had no time for exercise and had to attend so many official dinners that he lost all hope of ever finding his body anything but a burden. Even four years ago Tardieu's tanned face seemed like a challenge among all those pale and asthmatic men. For a parliamentarian or a Minister there was only one summer resort: Vichy. It was almost proof of political importance to have liver trouble. Yvon Delbos was one of the few exceptions. He has adapted himself to the new Chamber with great ease. Delbos was athletic.

It is unlikely that France's Minister of Foreign Affairs still finds much time to indulge in sports, and certainly his brilliant career as a rugby player is now far behind him. But he has remained athletic while achieving distinction in politics, a very unusual accomplishment in France where, until recently, sport was regarded as irreconcilable with the dignity of a serious-minded, responsible person. Although Delbos lives simply, he is a genuine son of Perigord and thoroughly enjoys food and drink. He is a connoisseur, not a glutton, and when culinary matters are discussed, he opens up much more readily than if the discussion turns on foreign policy. He has not yet given up his modest two-room apartment in the Latin Quarter which is adequately, though not abundantly, supplied with books. The showy rooms at the Quai d'Orsay, somewhat dusty for all their splendor, are in his opinion only a temporary abode. His real home, of course, is not on the Seine, but in the south, on the Dordogne, in the house where his old father spends peaceful days in retirement from school teaching.

This intimate bond between the politician and his childhood home and his background is one of the few bright sides of present-day parliamentary life in France. Most of the French Deputies and Ministers 'go home' on Sunday, to some rural hamlet where they spent their youth. That is what gives these men the strength to take upon themselves the

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glamour and the misery of public life, to endure the moral strain which is inseparable from politics in France. Delbos will never cease to be a son of Perigord. It is a beautiful country in which scarcity and abundance are impressively blended. The river valleys are fertile furrows in a lean hill-country. There men learn to prize good things but they also know that winning them requires much work and application. The two essential characteristics of the French are combined against this background: canny thrift and generous love of life. Constant provision for the future goes hand in hand with the capacity for enjoyment. Yet despite truffles and good wines thrift preponderates.

TO SAY that Delbos's career has led straight to the Quai d'Orsay would mean to over-estimate the game of party politics in France. Nor would it be true to say that his appointment as Foreign Minister was accidental. The Radical Socialist Party, of which he was a parliamentary chairman for some time, aimed less at training experts than at training men to rule the country or to participate in government. The distribution of offices within such a body is frequently rather arbitrary. Delbos never wanted to be a Minister, yet when Herriot was forming his first Cabinet after the election victory of 1924 Delbos got into it unwittingly. His immense energy, his honesty and the blind confidence which the brothers Sarraut always have reposed in him made him indispensable.

He completely lacks any thirst for power. After his first term of office —as Minister of Education in 1925—he refused several portfolios, until finally Albert Sarraut persuaded him to take over the Ministry of Justice and the Vice-Presidency of the Chamber. That was in January, 1936. In the future he will be found in every Leftist Cabinet and will have the choice of ending his career as President of the Republic.

At the present time we are dealing with him as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is not a demagogue or a hothead. Indeed, it is his cold-bloodedness which has gained him almost all his diplomatic successes. Delbos had the boldness to save France from becoming entangled in the Spanish Civil War. Or, to be more exact, in the hour of decision he submitted without false sensitiveness to the English demand for strict non-intervention. This really made the non-intervention agreement possible. England, on her part, has not been parsimonious with her reward. Voluntarily she now made all those concessions to France which Flandin tried so hard to wrest from London in March: the guarantee of security 'until the conclusion of a new Western pact,' and above all a common policy toward Germany.

This diplomatic intimacy between London and Paris is the most important if not the sole objective of Delbos's foreign policy. He may feel

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that this intimacy, even from the French point of view, can never really be an objective in itself. The real aim does not yet seem to be quite clear in his mind. It is, of course, universal peace or, to express it differently, a rapprochement with Germany! But what does that amount to, diplomatically speaking? In regard to Germany most French statesmen seem like sailors who want to stand out to sea without leaving port. Is this true for Delbos also? He knows little about Germany, nor does he pretend to be an expert; therefore he has no prejudices against us apart from those inherent in every Frenchman. Any kind of cynicism is alien to him, although for years he practised the dangerous profession of a Paris journalist. Nor does hypocrisy, the innocent twin-sister of cynicism which complicates international discussion even more than cynicism itself, seem to be in his line. At the same time, what are we to think of his pet idea that real Franco-German coöperation will be possible only after a certain 'period of confidence,' during which Germany should have proved her harmlessness? While this may not imply overweening arrogance, it does illustrate France's characteristic incapacity to realize her own share in causing international confusion and distrust. At this point the Radical-Socialist orientation becomes apparent. Let us not forget that Delbos was the first who demanded a common policy of the 'great democracies,' a diplomacy of the 'democratic bloc.'

Nevertheless it seems to us that the foreign policy of this man is guided by a desire for good will, a striving for good faith. Although his concept of Europe is an arbitrary one, he honestly regrets that Germany is absent from it. Nor is he blind to the dangers of 'collective security.' It cannot be said that he is anxious to test Article XVI of the League Covenant; and it will not have gone by unnoticed in Moscow that he has found a flaw in the Russian Pact since the Geneva machinery has become the favorite instrument of his colleague Litvinov. Delbos's greatest speech on foreign policy was delivered in defense of the Russian Pact during the debate for ratification, when he was a Deputy. It was after this speech that he was first mentioned as a possible Foreign Secretary. He has gone a long way since then. The Russian Pact is no longer the gospel of Delbos's foreign policy. Yet so far his ingenuity has sufficed to keep the Soviet Union in line.

FIVE years ago, if we are not mistaken, Delbos visited the Soviet Union. He was not enthusiastic when he came back. Stalin's vast realm had obviously bored him, something that usually happens to cultured and humane Europeans. He rebeled against the drab compulsion which the Soviets impose upon everything human. Delbos sensed in advance what Gide, Céline and Dorgelès are now experiencing. He has never yielded, like so many French intellectuals, to the fallacy that Com-

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munism must be 'human' since it springs from an international idea. For the Frenchman these problems are comparatively easy to solve because in an emergency he can always seek refuge in his comfortable French shell, so richly furnished with ornamental philosophy. This recourse is open to Delbos also. That is why his foreign political activities exude a tranquillity which is bound to make someone or other impatient some day.

We have already said that in winning over England he has already accomplished his greatest victory in the present stage of French foreign policy. Diligently and discreetly he is also mending the torn threads between Paris and Warsaw. His attitude toward Rome is friendly though not ardent. Relations with Italy are still governed by the Mussolini-Laval agreement. Any revision or renovation would simply involve France in commitments which, in his opinion, are superfluous at the moment. The vast field of disarmament, or rather that of arms limitation, seems to him more worth while. Delbos ponders this possibility a good deal, not only to please Blum but also to seek grounds on which he might make a contact with Germany.

One of these tremendous problems sooner or later is sure to prove the limit up to which Yvon Delbos can unfold; for he is not an individual without limitations, nor does he love boundlessness. He is a creditable figure in the ranks of those under-estimated men with whom the Third Republic stands and falls—no more, no less. His father and grandfather were school teachers. Yvon won a scholarship to the famous École Normale which prepares for the higher ranks of the teaching profession. To gain admittance there is difficult enough and, once a student, no one has ever succeeded in liberating himself completely from its influence. Neither Herriot, Blum, Francois-Poncet, Mistler nor Delbos. Then there was that other school, the editorial rooms of the *Dépêche* in Toulouse. It was on this paper that Delbos was the conscientious and tireless journalist he would again become if his political career were to be interrupted for whatever reason. Actually he is neither a writer nor an orator, and thus two powerful forms of French vanity and also of French vitality are denied him. Sometimes one is inclined to believe that his oratorical limitations are almost a boon; for how much might have gone wrong in the last few months if the French Foreign Minister had felt inclined to indulge in beautiful words, in smooth phrases!

Finally, we should remember that Yvon Delbos was a fine soldier who still bears the deep scars of three German bullets on his right arm. It is difficult not to be reminded of that when one observes him on the dais or behind his desk at the Quai d'Orsay. He has done his duty and will always do it. Our hope is that his duty and the peace of Europe do not clash. To direct France's foreign policy in this hour must be a terrific

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burden. Delbos bears this burden with grace and courage. He faces fate without a quaver. Perhaps he is less interested in fate than in the belief that nothing in the world is ever lost, not even foreign policy, be it good or bad. Perhaps he is familiar with the observation of Bossuet: 'There is no human power that does not serve purposes other than its own, whether it wants to or not.'

Comrade Thorez

By Andrey Siedykh

Translated from the *Posliednie Novosti*, Paris Russian Émigré Social-Democratic Daily

When Premier Léon Blum was forming his Popular Front Cabinet last summer, nearly everyone believed that Maurice Thorez would be given an important portfolio. But the Communist leader preferred to remain Secretary General of his party and absolutely refused to accept a post.

At the present time Thorez is playing a very special rôle in the political life of France. He holds in his hand the fate of the Blum Cabinet, the entire Popular Front and perhaps even that of the Republic. His friends consider him the 'French Stalin' and predict that he will head the future 'French Soviet Socialist Republic.' His enemies prophesy a bad end for him.

The truth is that neither his friends nor his enemies really know much about Thorez. Among the general public he is a man whose political activities matter greatly but whose private life is of little concern. Even French Communists seldom know the careers of their leaders. They probably do not know that Marcel Cachin, Thorez's predecessor, is the son of a devout Catholic gendarme, that Vaillant-Couturier in his youth used to compose reverent sonnets to the Virgin Mary, that Florimond Bonte prepared himself for the Church, and that Marty, the hero of the Black Sea Fleet, was acquitted in court martial only because his counsel vouched for his feeble-mindedness.

But what about Thorez, the spiritual father of the Popular Front movement, the man who injected patriotism into French Communism, recognized the 'bourgeois' *Marseillaise* and broke up a series of 'sit-down' strikes by a single phrase to the effect that 'there is a time to end a strike?' Who is this Thorez?

He is, or rather was, a miner, and a miner's son and grandson. He was born thirty-six years ago in Nyelles Godault, a small village that is perpetually grimy with coal dust. Thorez is very proud of his humble antecedents. But if he was a miner, he didn't remain one very long. In

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1914 the Department of Pas de Calais was occupied by the Germans and young Thorez was sent to Creuze. In this way his career as a miner ended when he was only fourteen years old. It is hardly possible that at this age he was already a true 'black-face,' as the miners of Pas de Calais call themselves. After the war, when he tried to come back to the mines, he was not accepted at his old place. It seems that he had already acquired some reputation as a Communist agitator. A living had to be made, so he got into construction work.

In 1923 he began his formal work for the party and moved steadily upward through the ranks of its official hierarchy. He became secretary of the Communist Federation of Pas de Calais, then a member of the French Central Committee and of the Political Bureau. During the Moroccan war he carried on intensive agitation on behalf of 'natives oppressed by French imperialism.' 'French imperialism' sent him, along with Cachin and Duclos, to the Santé. In the middle Twenties Thorez's name was still unknown except among party members, and even they were of the opinion that their most promising young leader was Doriot, Mayor of St. Denis, who was the favorite disciple of Cachin. It was not until 1932 that Thorez reached Parliament, thanks to the workers of the Parisian suburb of Ivry.

At first nobody in the Chamber paid any attention to this stocky, blond, always smiling Deputy. From time to time he would mount the rostrum to make a speech which he had carefully written down. According to custom, all the parliamentary reporters would promptly retire to the corridors, since everybody knew in advance exactly what charges Cachin, Doriot, Thorez, or other Communist speakers would hurl against Government.

Somehow the denunciatory content of Thorez's speeches has always seemed out of keeping with his snub nose, his smiling blue eyes and his winning *gaucherie*. Following party custom, Thorez always dresses very simply, but never sloppily. His suits are cheap, but they are always neat. He disdains vest and garters; but his necktie isn't too vivid and is skillfully tied. If you were to meet Thorez in the street, you might take him for a factory supervisor, the foreman of a construction gang, a small-time salesman—anything but a potential President of the future Council of Commissars.

FROM 1932 on his political career developed rapidly. He was elected Secretary General of the Party, visited Moscow, was photographed with Stalin and Dimitroff and brought back instructions to the Party from the Kremlin. On January 22, 1936, Thorez made a speech of tremendous political significance before the Congress of the French Communist Party. Following Moscow's example he abandoned the objective of

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world revolution. The Party was to become national in its character. The French people were to unite in the face of the Nazi peril. A Popular Front had to be created, to carry on the fight for 'peace, bread and freedom.'

The word *patrie* is now admitted into the French Communist vocabulary. Thorez recognizes the historical past of the French people, reconciles the *Internationale* with the *Marseillaise* and the red flag with the Tricolor.

How sincere is this conversion to a new faith? It is hard for a French worker to forget the revolutionary traditions of the past fifty years. Thorez indeed praises Rouget de Lisle, but the *Internationale* is still being sung at the Communist rallies more often and with more enthusiasm than the *Marseillaise*. The Tricolor has been adopted by the Communists, but only as a tiny patch on the red flag. As strategy, the adoption of the new policy was a brilliant success. The Communist Party smiled with Thorez and won seventy-three seats in Parliament. From that moment Thorez became one of the rulers of France's destiny.

Since the victory of the Popular Front he has almost stopped using the parliamentary rostrum for his political sallies. His lieutenants speak in the Chamber more often than he does. Thorez himself has adopted the practice of recent French Premiers of speaking directly to the masses.

AN EXCELLENT opportunity to study Thorez is afforded by the Communist press conferences. He enters the hall where the reporters are waiting with a gay smile, his hand extended in friendly greeting. He knows very well that among the hundred reporters there is probably only one Communist representative—from *Humanité*. But that does not prevent him from playing the affable host. He is followed by the rotund Vice-President of the Chamber, the 'baker' Duclos, who can hardly waddle along fast enough to keep up with him.

Thorez sits down at a table covered with green felt, extracts from his ever-present briefcase a draft of his speech and begins to talk in tutorial, didactic tones. He is not gifted with eloquence as a Frenchman understands it. In his words there is no pathos, no vivid imagery, none of the *tremolo* which is so characteristic of the political speakers, particularly those from the South. Maurice Thorez is a Northerner. He is chary with his words. He does not permit a sudden burst of eloquence to carry him onto ground with which he is not familiar. But he has one immensely valuable faculty: the ability to say simply, clearly and accurately what he considers necessary. He is sparing with his gestures, too, merely emphasizing each important phrase with a flat sweep of his right hand.

A speech by Thorez is a lecture in which he obstinately tries to drive

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what he considers to be incontrovertible truths into the heads of his listeners. He never becomes excited and speaks in the same manner to the empty benches in the Chamber and to a gathering of 30,000 workers. The important thing to him is not his audience, but rather what he has to say to it.

After a half hour's lecture the journalists begin to ask questions, sometimes extremely ticklish ones. Thorez never fails to answer, but his answers never satisfy. Ask him about the Moscow trials and executions, and he will answer with apparent conviction that they are an expression of the revolutionary tradition—that in this manner the revolution defends itself against its enemies. Doriot used to give the same answers to these questions once upon a time, but he always impressed one as a fanatic. Now Doriot is a Fascist.

It is interesting to speculate on what Thorez will think and say in, let's say, five years. People like to ask him how he can reconcile a Soviet régime in France with the Communist election platform, which includes respect for private property, religious freedom, etc. Thorez has his own theory about it, but I doubt that it would ever meet with Stalin's approval. He says: 'One thing happened in Russia, another will happen in France. We will have our French revolution in our own French fashion in harmony with French temperament and French customs.'

French home-owners and holders of treasury bonds may sleep in peace: Thorez has promised to leave them alone. For him a man becomes a capitalist *after* his income passes the million francs a year mark.

'Now that you are permitted to be patriotic. . .'

Thorez interrupts the questioner. 'Moscow,' he says proudly, 'has no right to permit or forbid anything to the French Communists. They became patriots in the face of external danger, thus restoring the revolutionary tradition of 1793.'

Duclos listens happily, nodding his head in approval. Yes, revolutionaries of 1793! Obviously he has completely forgotten his stay in the Santé for anti-war and anti-French propaganda. Thorez has also forgotten it, having turned patriot with amazing ease. Times have changed. Now Thorez must keep order, break up strikes and ask the workers to respect the law and private property. The extreme Rightist Deputy Ybarnegaray, who never misses an opportunity to bait Premier Blum, once shouted from his seat in the Chamber: 'We are not talking to the Government but to the real Minister of Interior, THOREZ!'

Thorez is not a Minister, but he was not at all surprised at Ybarnegaray's reference to him. As a leader of the masses he has been saddled with many Governmental responsibilities. His political career has become a paradox: after having been an incendiary all his life, he finds himself compelled to be a fireman.

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Peripatetic Ambassador

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Weekly

THE famous Nord Express, which speeds between Paris and Berlin, sees a lot of the French Ambassador to Germany. Whenever relations between France and Germany become strained and the comments of the *Völkischer Beobachter* grow menacing, the corpulent and entirely placid little diplomat emerges from his compartment in the crack train at the Gare du Nord.

André Francois-Poncet has come home 'to straighten things out.' He will explain the 'imponderables' of the German mentality to the French Radical Ministers. Then he will hurry back to Berlin to reveal the psychological mysteries of his Latin people to the metaphysicians of the Third Reich.

A bourgeois, a typical French bourgeois, who has been caught in the whirlwind. But, unlike others of the type, he is a bourgeois who has learned to listen, to observe and to reflect. A clear-headed bourgeois who does not become panic-stricken when things go wrong, when events take an unexpected and threatening turn. An old member of the conservative Democratic Alliance who has become Léon Blum's Ambassador to Adolf Hitler.

What of the career of Francois-Poncet? He has had at least two careers. The first was that of a brilliant young scholar who showed promise of achieving great things in his chosen field. He was born on June 12, 1887 at Provins, in the Department of Seine-et-Marne, which is neither quite Parisian nor yet quite provincial. His father was a Judge on the Paris Court of Appeals. André was a brilliant student. He won a Fellowship in German at the Ecole Normale and was appointed Professor of German.

From about 1910 Francois-Poncet devoted himself more attentively than other students of Germany to the restlessness of the German spirit. He was one of those scholars who did not permit a profound knowledge of the past to blind him to contemporary realities. In 1911, when he was only twenty-four, he published both a very erudite treatise on Goethe and a penetrating essay on *What German Youth Is Thinking*. He also wrote articles in which he showed remarkable clairvoyance about the course of events in Germany.

When the war broke out Francois-Poncet's knowledge of the German language and of German policy was of great value to the French Foreign

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Office, which entrusted him with an important and delicate mission to Switzerland.

It was during the war that this scholarly professor of literature developed an appetite for statistics, and before long he was metamorphosed into an economist. He accompanied the International Economic Mission to the United States in 1919 as an economic adviser. The following year he founded the Center for Economic Studies and Information in Paris. At the Genoa Conference in 1922 he was a member of the French Delegation, and he participated, one might say, in the occupation of the Ruhr, since he served as economic adviser on the staff of General Degoutte.

Francois-Poncet's Parliamentary career began in 1924, when he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies from the Department of the Seine. Four years later he was reëlected and in the same year, 1928, he became a member of Poincaré's fifth and last Cabinet as Minister of Beaux-Arts. Under Tardieu and then Laval, in 1930 and 1931, he was Under-Secretary for National Economy.

What might be called Francois-Poncet's 'second career' began in August, 1931, when he was appointed Ambassador to Germany. Since being installed at the Embassy on the Pariserplatz his early training has been a tremendous asset. He is undoubtedly the only French statesman who can speak German without a trace of accent.

A succession of French Foreign Ministers have followed on each other's heels since he went to his post at Berlin. There was Briand, Laval, Tardieu, Herriot, Paul-Boncour, Daladier, Laval again, Flandin and now Yvon Delbos. Meanwhile the Republican Germany of Brüning became the Military Germany of von Schleicher and the latter, in turn, gave way to the Fascist Germany of Adolf Hitler.

But Ambassador Francois-Poncet has survived all these changes and persists in his task.

And that task?

'*C'est la Paix.*'

If one knows that he has eight children one understands that he has personal as well as patriotic reasons for serving Peace with all his strength.

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One of Geneva's original 'brain trust' explains how Belgium's new policy affects her international position; and a Czech correspondent in Vienna takes stock of Austria's assets and liabilities at the beginning of the new year.

Two Small Bystanders

I. Where Belgium Stands

By Sir Alfred Zimmern

From the *News-Letter*, British National Labour Party Fortnightly

THERE are signs that the policy of Belgium may once more become a subject of active interest and discussion in the near future. The following remarks are the outcome of a recent visit to that country and are prompted by the feeling that the Belgian position is not always fully taken account of in this country and elsewhere.

From 1839 to 1914 Belgium was neutralized by international agreement and was therefore, in a sense, a dependent State, a ward of the Powers. The war heightened Belgian patriotism and self-respect and quite apart from the breach of the guarantee by Germany made it morally impossible for her people to continue in their former status. Belgium desired to have supreme control over her destinies and to be free to conduct an independent foreign policy.

The first object of this policy was naturally to assure against a repetition of the experience of 1914–18.

At the Peace Conference Belgium naturally expected, as did her French neighbors, that the United States would form a part of the post-War European order. When that prospect faded, she drew closer to France, and in 1920 a military arrangement was concluded between the two General Staffs, to permit of concerted action in an emergency. This arrangement has often been described as an alliance; but this term is misapplied, as was repeatedly explained by Government spokesmen in the Belgian Parliament. The military arrangements were contingent upon political decisions and as to these the Belgian Government and people throughout retained their full independence.

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All this, however, is now past history, since the arrangements themselves became out-of-date owing to the changed situation resulting from the end of the Rhineland occupation —not to speak of the more recent remilitarization. They have been replaced since last March by conversations in which the British military authorities have taken part together with the French and Belgian.

Belgian *policy*, as contrasted with mere technical consultations, was laid down in the Locarno Treaties of 1925. These take the place, in Belgium's external relations, that was occupied before 1914 by the Treaty of 1839.

In the Locarno Treaties Belgium is a party on terms of complete equality with the other signatories. The principal Locarno document is entitled a Treaty of Mutual Guarantee. By that document the three Rhineland Powers, together with Great Britain and Italy, 'collectively and severally guarantee . . . the maintenance of the territorial *status quo*' between Germany and Belgium and between Germany and France, and the inviolability of these frontiers. (The guarantee extends also to the observance of the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles as to the demilitarized zone, which no longer concerns us.)

It will be seen, therefore, that there can be no question of Belgium *receiving* a guarantee from any of the Powers, as has been suggested in the Press within the last few days. Belgium, like France and Germany, was in the Locarno Treaties both a guarantor and the object of a guarantee. Since she has neither violated these nor withdrawn from them she is still a guarantor.

There is no desire on the part of Belgians to revert to the pre-War status. The policy of Belgium is, and will remain, as independent as the policy of Holland.

II

What then was the significance of the recent speech by King Leopold which was, of course, not a personal act but embodied the policy of the Van Zeeland Government?

The answer is that, apart from the occasion of the speech, with which domestic considerations had something to do, it was a reassertion of the principle of Belgian independence. That does not mean, as the Belgian Foreign Minister has taken occasion to say since in emphatic language, that Belgium is withdrawing from her Locarno obligations or from her engagements under the Covenant. But it does mean that she will exercise unfettered independence in determining what is an 'unprovoked act of aggression' (the formula of the Locarno Treaties), and in her interpretation of Article XVI of the Covenant. This is no more than what has always been laid down as regards British policy toward these two documents.

A few words must be added about the domestic situation, in so far as it affects foreign policy. A policy of complete independence involves heavy responsibilities for Belgium. If she is to be able to defend her Eastern frontier at short notice she needs to keep a large number of troops under the colors at any given moment. She has therefore extended the period of military service from a year to seventeen months. The Belgian people naturally required a clear statement of the policy on behalf of which this extra sacrifice was demanded.

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A good deal of misconception seems to exist in Belgium as to political conditions and prospects in France. The increase of the Communist element in the French Chamber caused dismay in wide circles in Belgium and though the policy of the present French Government and the wisdom of its chief are now better understood, relations between France and Belgium have undergone a certain change. This has brought Belgium automatically closer to Great Britain—for there is no question of her gravitating in an Eastern direction. But this in its turn draws her back again toward France: for British and French foreign policy seem now to be concordant in Western Europe, both according to the letter of the Locarno agreements and in the spirit of Premier Blum's and Mr. Eden's recent speeches.

There can be no question of a Franco-German war in which Britain stands aloof, as in 1870. An unprovoked attack by France upon Germany is inconceivable to anyone who knows the French people. An unprovoked attack by Germany upon France, whether direct or through Switzerland, will find Britain at the side of France. In such a situation could Belgium remain neutral, even if she were not a guarantor under the Locarno Treaties? Where would her self-respect be in the one event and her independence in the other?

Thus, in so far as recent events have brought about any change in Belgian policy, their effect has been to poise Belgium even more equally than before between her two democratic neighbors, themselves more conscious of their common cause than they have ever been since the end of the War.

II. Inventory in Austria

Translated from the *Prager Presse*, Prague German-Language Daily

AUSTRIA'S political and economic prospects for the year 1937 are not, on the whole, unfavorable. In foreign affairs her position has been greatly stabilized by the strengthening of the Rome protocols with Italy and Hungary, by the agreement with Germany of July, 1936, and also by reason of the fact that general European complications have thrown Austria's problems into the background. There is no reason for immediate apprehension.

In domestic affairs 1936 was also comparatively quiet. This is all the more remarkable since it was a period not only of fundamental reorganization in the Government but also of the liquidation of the armed groups which have played such an important rôle in Austria's domestic politics during the past decade.

Naturally things did not always run smoothly. It often seemed that the Government, which had the support of only a small part of the population, might be compelled to use force against those elements which opposed the reorganization of the Austrian State along conservative and corporative lines. But this danger was invariably overcome. The ousting of the Heimwehr from the Government and

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the curbing of the grandiose ambitions of outspokenly 'nationalist' circles were handled smoothly and skillfully.

Economic conditions have also improved, gradually but unmistakably. This is due partly to the rapidly growing tourist traffic and partly to the rising prosperity caused by the revival of conscription and the adoption of a gradual rearmament program. But there has also been an increase in commercial activity.

So much for Austria's 'general balance sheet' at the beginning of 1937. It is favorable, but it must be checked by a closer examination of those real and imponderable factors that escape on first sight yet play an important rôle in the life of a nation. In Austria's case such an analysis certainly reveals many things that might interfere with the country's safety and prosperity. Austro-German relations, for example, were settled only in outline by the July agreement. During the intervening six months there have been certain unquestionably positive results; yet there were occasions when Austria had to guard against a neighbor whose fraternal embrace seemed at times too close for comfort.

At the same time the smallest and most natural German concessions to Austria, matters which should have been settled automatically after three years of wrangling, were exploited by both the Austrian nationalists and the underground Nazi organizations. That Nazi propaganda has made great progress in recent months is clearly demonstrated by the fact that whole sections of the country now refuse, as a matter of principle, to tune in on Austrian programs and listen only to the broadcasts from Munich.

The Austrian authorities, and perhaps a majority of the population, regard the accord of July as the beginning of an era in which Germany would no longer threaten Austria's independence; but Austrian nationalist and German National Socialist circles regard it as the beginning of 'pacific penetration,' in so far as the word *pacific* can be applied in such a case. It is also well known that the German leaders are constantly trying to exploit the improved relations with Austria by offering her a mutual defense pact and rearmament aid, and by attempting to interfere in her commercial negotiations with other States, especially with Czechoslovakia and Poland, with whom she has favorable trade agreements of long standing. These efforts, it appears, were made in the hope of giving substance and strength to the campaign which the German press has been waging against Czechoslovakia.

II

On the domestic scene conditions in Austria are not quite as favorable as they might seem after a year that was free from disturbances. A highly literate and cultured people cannot, in the long run, be satisfied under a corporate State, especially when it becomes apparent that the corporate structure is costly, bureaucratic, complex and offers no tangible advantages. This fact became very clear from the lack of interest in the so-called elections recently held by the different corporate groups. It is only a step from indifference to downright resistance. Nor is it a secret that the former political parties are carrying on illegal work; the Socialists, especially, have rank-and-file backing which would at the first opportunity revive all the politi-

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cal and trade-union organizations in their old strength.

Propaganda for a monarchist restoration, although officially encouraged, has lately suffered from stagnation. Pressure from the outside was necessary to continue the campaign for the appointment of Dr. Otto Hapsburg as 'honorary citizen' of various Austrian communities. This pressure was furnished by Otto's personal New Year's message to the mayors of all the 1,456 'Imperial Communities,' which requested that such action be also undertaken in the remaining 2,846 Austrian communities.

Austria faces the same economic difficulties as a number of other European States of similar structure. Concern over conditions in industry and agriculture has led to a whole series of new measures, for even 295,000 unemployed are a difficult problem for Austria. The attempts of the National Bank to avoid a devaluation of the schilling are leading to considerable strain in the export industry and also to deflationary symptoms which may develop into a gradual aggravation of the economic difficulties, if not to a crisis. This has been the sad experience of other and wealthier States. Last summer's high hopes that the agreement with Germany would result in a decided improvement in business have already been disappointed. Tourist traffic from Germany, from which so much had been expected, netted scarcely two million schillings out of a total tourist business of 180 million schillings. The tourist traffic from other countries with devaluated currencies, especially from France, the Netherlands and Czechoslovakia, will also suffer unless the necessary steps in regard to the currency are taken immediately.

The financial situation has been so strained that it did not even permit payment of any considerable instalment on the public debt to the National Bank. The demands of the rearmament program will certainly exert increased pressure upon the Treasury, and it will hardly be possible to make both ends meet without a new loan.

All these problems can be overcome, or at least held within bounds, by systematic planning, watchful work and popular support. The main concern of the Government, now as before, is to win the confidence of the broader masses of the people.

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The ubiquitous Chinese 'go-between' has become a bootlegger in slaves since the trade was outlawed; also an incident on the Mongolian border and an unfavorable view of Britain's fortress at Singapore are here presented.

Oriental Miscellany

I. Bootleg Slaves in China

By Earl H. Leaf

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

PLACING only sixty dollars in the hand of the go-between after a few days of bargaining, my good friend Wang purchased a very pretty twelve-year-old slave girl, Hsiu-ying, as a wedding anniversary gift for his wife.

Before many moons had passed, serious domestic difficulties arose in connection with the girl, and Wang was on the point of selling her. For one thing, Wang was sorely disappointed that his wife, usually of a gentle disposition, displayed such a fiery temper and ill-will toward the little slave, beating her with a bamboo rod or a French-heeled slipper on the slightest provocation and scolding, even cursing, the youngster without cause.

Wang pitied Hsiu-ying and protested the treatment several times until soon he found his house divided into two camps: his wife on one side and the slave girl and himself on the other. This was a false and intolerable situation so he decided to sell Hsiu-ying immediately after the Chinese New Year Festival.

Wang, an intelligent and educated man, had been sending the girl to primary school where she had been showing excellent progress considering the lost time. After school hours, Hsiu-ying had plenty of washing, ironing, cleaning and other household chores to perform but there should have been ample time for play as well as work and study.

One day Wang by chance discov-

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ered that Hsiu-ying had played hookey from school and had gone to the matinee in a Chinese theater. Returning home, he asked the girl where she had been in the afternoon and Hsiu-ying said she had been in school until four o'clock. Exasperated at the truancy and the lie, Wang took her across his knee and paddled her until she was black and blue.

Hsiu-ying never played hookey again, but the amazing thing to Wang was the change in his wife's attitude toward the slave girl. Not only was she tolerant of the child's mistakes and childish forgetfulness, but she actually began to feel an affection for her.

Once or twice later Wang again had cause to spank Hsiu-ying and lecture her and Mrs. Wang even defended the child. Soon the domestic situation between the three of them became quiet, normal, and happy.

Puzzled by the psychological aspects of the affair, my friend began to realize that his wife had been jealous of the slave. This accounted for her behavior. She believed that Hsiu-ying had been brought into the home eventually to become a concubine—fulfilling a historic rôle, abundantly described in the Chinese theater and literature, as well as in the daily life of the people today. Wang's action in chastizing the girl so severely made Wang's *tai tai* realize that her husband's attitude was more that of a father than a master who sought a slave-concubine.

Little Hsiu-ying has since learned that her 'adopted father' can be very severe when given cause and it has been a long time since she has been punished. She is given the status of a daughter in the house and certainly she is better off mentally, physically and morally than she was in her own miserable original home.

II

Although I have mentioned $60 as the purchase price of Hsiu-ying, that figure is higher than the usual price for a slave girl of that age. Hsiu-ying happened to show promise of budding into an exceptionally beautiful young lady, but the average price for girl slaves is from $15 to $45. Slave boys are priced about 50 per cent higher. There is no regular schedule of prices and the figure fixed upon in any given transaction would depend upon many factors —the existing supply and demand, the child's health and appearance, the financial status of the purchaser and other special conditions. Buying and selling of slaves is usually accomplished through the medium of a go-between. Until a couple of years ago a number of slave brokers operated in the French Concession, but these are no longer in business, as far as I have been able to discover. It was then possible to telephone your needs to the broker and his agent would call at your house to examine your credentials or recommendations (merely a precautionary measure against police) and would then produce 'samples' of children on hand, to fit the description you gave him on the telephone. The deal required only a few moments and you were in possession of the child and a written contract stating your 'legal' right to the tot.

Two or three years ago, when in the midst of an effort to learn Shanghai dialect 'as she is spoke,' I determined to experiment with living among Chi-

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nese of various classes. One month I lived with the wealth, beauty and fashion in the most fashionable and expensive section of Shanghai; the second month found me in a rooming house in Hwa Kee Avenue containing eleven dancing girls and one lone man (myself); the third month I dwelt in a typical noisy, smelly, seething lane in the Wayside district inhabited by a class of $6 a month servants, clerks and petty factory straw bosses. On my right was a very industrious tinsmith, on my left was a houseful of mah jongg fiends and directly across the lane, also on the second floor looking directly into my rooms, was a small silk filature employing about twelve girls, two of them very flirtatious and quite attractive.

Several times during my month in this lane a slave peddler made the rounds, calling out his wares boldly and carrying two children, a boy and a girl, in baskets slung from the pole over his shoulder.

Once I called the peddler into the house for a closer inspection of the tiny unfortunates. Both were four years old and in a bad state of health, particularly the boy, whose head was scabby with disease. Since I was a foreigner, the peddler immediately boosted his price to $9 for each. We had been talking in the doorway and of course every footloose person in the lane was standing around listening to my bargaining. My neighbors advised me against buying either of these two and offered to bring an old lady who would sell either or both of her two six- and seven-year old daughters for the same price.

I did not happen to be in the market for a slave just then but I could have looked at hundreds of prospects if I had wanted. Even in 'good times' slaves are bountiful in the market.

Most people prefer to obtain their slaves direct from the parents (with the aid of a go-between, of course) so they can be assured that the child is not subject to any hereditary diseases. A poor family willing to sell a son or daughter can always be found with great ease.

Actual enforcement of the strict anti-slavery laws promulgated by the Chinese Government will be difficult for many years to come. As an organized business, the slave traffic is already doomed, but buying and selling through individuals still flourishes. There are many evils attendant upon the widespread slavery in China, but it is safe to say most of the slaves are not treated cruelly. The majority are used for domestic duties and there are no large factories or farms operated by slave labor. The evils that exist in other slave countries are absent here as both master and slave are of the same race and because China is and always has been essentially democratic. Slave-concubines have ruled China through weak emperors. Some of the great women of Chinese history have been slaves or ex-slaves. Many of the glamorous dancing girls in the Shanghai cabarets are 'growed-up' slave girls.

III

Girls happen to be the most numerous of slaves because they are the first to be sold when a family becomes destitute, because they are better than boys in domestic work around the house, they are less likely to run away and they bring in a handsome return, in the form of wedding gifts, when they are finally married off. Addition-

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ally, a rich man would like to have a number of girl slaves in his house in the hope some would blossom into beautiful flowers that could be so conveniently plucked. Chinese laws were very strict in making a slave girl who bears a child for the master of the house his secondary wife. The child legally, if not actually, was on equal status with other children of the first wife.

Indeed, the girl slave is often petted and pampered, dressed in fine silks and expensive jewelry. Girls are seldom sold a second time and when they grow up they are entitled to marry and thus gain their freedom, while boys formerly could only earn their freedom by purchase. Boys are often bought by heirless couples and are adopted and loved like true sons.

The best age for buying a slave is around ten years. Before that age, the child is less useful in housework or other chores and there is a prolonged expense and delay before the investment begins to pay dividends. Older children, on the other hand, are commencing to have ideas of their own and are more likely to run away when vexed.

Investigations have shown that most of the inmates of houses of prostitution are slave girls forced into that life and many sing-song girls also are the property of the houses. If one is lucky and finds some rich admirer, she can pay her 'debts' to the house and obtain her freedom. Frequently, then, she will remain in the house, and one of her first resolutions is to save money and buy herself a slave girl. Virtually all the children that are so numerous in every sing-song house are slaves belonging either to the house or to the singing girls themselves. These tots not only are maid servants but also constitute a form of 'old-age insurance.' They are treated well and it is understood that when they grow up and are married or 'in business,' they will take care of the mistress if the latter has no business, no husband or other source of income.

Debt slavery is another form practised in middle China. Destitute parents will 'pawn' their daughters for a three-year period upon payment of a specified sum. Sometimes, of course, these girls earn huge fees if they are fortunate enough to find the proper clients.

Self-enslavement is not uncommon. I know two sisters in Tientsin who sold themselves into a sing-song house. Their mother arranged for them to marry a certain degenerate merchant prince whom the girls detested. The mother demanded they marry him. She was an avaricious soul and coveted the substantial 'gift' the old wretch had promised her. The two girls sold themselves to a sing-song house for a sum equal to that which the old man had promised, and they gave the money to their mother. The last time I saw the girls they told me their mother had squandered the money on opium and mah jongg, had 'repented' her action and was now seeking reconciliation with her two daughters—which, I am happy to report, they rejected.

Another evil adjunct to slavery is kidnapping, but under the new Chinese laws any slave can obtain her freedom by the simple process of telling the corner policeman who will guide her through the proper channels and see that she is free from further threats and deprivation of her freedom. The new anti-slavery laws can-

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not eliminate slavery at once but they can and do give every slave a chance to be free if she wishes and has the courage to make the break.

The good ladies of Hongkong often fuss a great deal about the slave girls, known in that dialect as *mu tsai* and in mandarin as *ya t'o*. Investigation shows that even if the girls are advised that freedom is theirs for the mere asking, they still refuse to admit their slave status, and efforts to aid this class of unfortunates are made extremely difficult by the victims themselves. The economic factor is also important, as they fear the 'great unknown' and are willing to endure suffering and ill treatment in preference to freedom without the assurance of the daily rice bowl. Slavery is more prevalent in South China than in Central and North China, where there are many well-to-do families without slaves.

During the past two years there have been a few well-publicized court cases involving cruelty to slaves. The severe sentences imposed upon the offenders have proven a great deterrent to extreme cruelty to slaves.

Personally I have known as many cases involving persecution of young wives by selfish, cruel, domineering mother-in-laws as persecution of young slave girls by their masters.

Chinese slaves, on the whole, are in a better position and enjoy more advantages than the pitiful child laborers in Japanese and Chinese factories, who may toil ten and twelve hours a day for years earning a wage which never frees them of debt and never proves sufficient for rice and clothes—complete slaves to their 'masters,' the factory managers and labor contractors, despite the fiction that they are free wage-earners. As compared with slaves of other countries, they are treated like human beings and are given more opportunity to rise above and beyond their slave status. Legal adoption is becoming more prevalent and would even become general except for the expense and trouble involved. Owners frequently become deeply attached to their wards, provide them with an education and make a real effort to obtain a good marriage for them.

II. The Thirteenth Prisoner

By Karrio

Translated from *Pravda*, Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

[*The following account purports to have been related by a Korean deserter from the Japanese army in Manchukuo to the* Pravda *correspondent at Ulan Bator.* The Editors]

THERE were thirteen of us who were captured when, like wolves, we invaded the Mongolian People's Republic. Let the other twelve return to Manchukuo, since they wish to avail themselves of the agreement to exchange prisoners. I, the thirteenth, choose to remain here. It may not be under the special protection of the Goddess Amaterasu like Japan. It may not be called a 'Paradise on Earth' like Manchukuo. But here, at

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least, no one beats me because I am a Korean. Tell them across the border that Corporal Kanineku is through. Give my compliments to Colonel Saito and tell him that he will have to find other fools who are willing to expose themselves to the bullets of the Mongolian frontier guards for the glory of the Emperor Hirohito, or for the sake of the Emperor Pu Yi, or to put more colored ribbon on his own chest.

How did I come to this conclusion? You have never been to Korea? Too bad. It is a beautiful country. But its name 'the Land of Tranquil Mornings,' does not agree with my memories of the way day began in our village.

There were about fifty houses—clay huts covered with rotting straw. Every morning at dawn the men, women and children of the village—all of them half-naked—would take wooden plows or hoes on their shoulders and go down to the swampy rice fields. The ditch sluices would be opened and the water would recede from the fields, leaving bare the fat, black, almost liquid earth, which still showed traces of the spring manure.

We would plow up the soil again and replant the rice shoots, already sprouting their third leaf. For two months we had worked every day from sunrise to sunset tending the precious crop. We worked knee deep in mud under a burning sun while mosquitoes swarmed about our heads. Sometimes we worked as long as there was light, planting the tender shoots so that they would be well protected against the next day's sun. The reward for our work would come in September when the fields would glow like copper and gold.

Before harvesting our crop, my father always sent me to bring the Overseer. The latter would come in his long white kimono and with his tiny black cylindrical hat perched on top of his head. He would select a part of the field where the rice was thickest and tell us to begin reaping and threshing at that point. Then he would weigh the rice on home-made scales. This done, he would politely bid us good-bye and go away.

The harvesting over, we would return to our hut and sit along the walls. My father would then figure out our profit. He was not very good in arithmetic and the task would take him a long time. Finally he would tell us that after paying all the taxes, the rent, the assessments for water and manure and back debts we would still have eighteen yen worth of rice left for ourselves.

This estimate usually turned out to be optimistic. When we packed our rice and took it to the Overseer's house, we would discover that it had not been sufficiently well winnowed. The Overseer would pass it through the winnowing machine six times. After a new weighing he would announce that we owed him twenty-one yen more rice than he had estimated at first. Of course we didn't have that much. After taking all our rice, the Overseer would kindly consent to put us down in his book as owing only three yen. We would leave his beautiful office, which was paneled with black lacquered wood, in good spirits. For although we didn't have a grain of rice left over from the crop, we would still have our wheat, and we would be able to live until the summer on wheat and white radishes.

Perhaps I would still be living this

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sort of life if it hadn't been for the intervention of the Goddess Amaterasu, Japan's Celestial Protector. In 1933 she gave Japan an early spring, a rainy summer and a sunny fall. There was a bountiful harvest of rice in Japan that year and the price of Korean rice fell very low. Not only my father's profits, but also those of the Overseer and the Landlord, who lived in the town, all went to the Devil. It seems that all our land had been heavily mortgaged and the Landlord could not pay his interest to the bank. Thereupon the Eastern Colonizing Society took over the land and undertook to collect the rent and debts from the peasants.

II

Then my wanderings began. I had to leave the village and go to the city to look for work, not only to feed myself but also to help my father pay his debts. While walking along the streets of Hai-ju I saw a large poster. It was an appeal from the Japanese Youth Society, which said that through the efforts of the Japanese Government Manchukuo had become a 'Paradise on Earth,' where one could find easy and well-paid work and live happily.

A few days later I was in Mukden, standing in line with many other unemployed Japanese and Koreans before the door of the Japanese Consulate. All of us had come to seek our fortunes in the 'Paradise on Earth.' While waiting for my turn to be interviewed I found out that all the authorities had to offer was a chance to join one of the Japanese military colonies near the Russian border. Some of the Koreans in the line had already been to these settlements which, they reported, had been established on land that had been forcibly taken from the Chinese peasants. The settlers had to spend all their time fighting the rightful owners, leaving the fields untended. For this reason the colonists ran away at their first opportunity. When I heard all this I hastily stepped out of the line.

For twenty days I looked for work in Mukden without success. The 'Paradise on Earth' had turned out to be quite different from the description on the poster. At last, when my money was gone it dawned upon me that I had no choice. I could not go back to Korea because I did not have the railroad fare. There was nothing left for me to do but accept whatever the Japanese authorities would offer me. I was assigned to an automobile mechanic's school which was maintained by the Japanese garrison in Mukden. During the first year, while we were still in training, we were given our food, uniforms and eight yen a month. In the second year, after we became full-fledged mechanics, we were to get forty yen a month.

Each month I sent my salary of eight yen to my father. After a whole year had passed I thought my father's debts were paid. Then I got a letter from my oldest sister, who lived in Hai-ju, telling me that my father had died, that our farm was to be sold and that my mother was going to come to Hai-ju with the two youngest children to live with her. My sister concluded by asking me to come back to the village and arrange all the family affairs.

I went to my chief, Corporal Yano, showed him my sister's letter and asked for two weeks leave. Yano became livid with rage. He cried: 'You filthy Korean swine! We have been

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teaching, feeding and clothing you for a whole year, and now, just as you are about to finish school and go to the border for duty, you dare to think of going home?' And he hit me in the face. Then he took me by the collar, dragged me to the door and kicked me out of his office.

'Well,' I said to myself, 'I guess I'll have to go to the frontier.'

That was exactly what happened. In December we were given tests, and thirty graduates were sent to Hailar, each of us with a corporal's little star on his sleeve.

I stayed only three months in Hailar. One day Captain Yuro came to our barracks and told us: 'Now is your chance to serve the Emperor. You are to go on an expedition to the Mongolian border. Now, Mongolia is a savage country. There are no roads and no houses. It is possible that we will be attacked by the wild Mongolians from the other side. Therefore you must have your machines and guns in good order and be ready to do your duty.'

III

Twenty-two lorries left Hailar the next morning. Each one carried fifteen Japanese soldiers and was armed with machine guns. The expedition was led by Colonel Saito, who was riding ahead of us in his personal automobile. We traveled for two days. The first night we spent in a monastery and the second outdoors in the steppes. On the morning of the third day we were commanded to space the lorries about a quarter of a mile apart. At seven o'clock in the morning we passed two posts imbedded in a pile of rocks. A sign in some foreign language was nailed to the posts. I suggested to Captain Muro, who was sitting next to me, that it was probably the border and that we shouldn't go any further. But he said to me: 'Mind your own business and go where you are told.'

Suddenly we heard firing from the front of the column. Captain Muro commanded everyone to look sharp. Our machine was one of the last and when we reached the top of the next hill we saw that the other machines were empty. The soldiers had scattered and were shooting at horsemen in the distance. I parked my machine with the others and my crew alighted and ran ahead with Captain Muro. Both the Japanese soldiers and the Mongolian cavalrymen disappeared out of sight behind a hill.

Soon we saw Colonel Saito's car coming back at top speed. Lieutenant Iwamoto was standing up in it, shouting and waving his hands. When he reached us, he cried: 'Quick, bring up the lorries!' Then he got into my lorry and we drove to where the battle was raging. When we got there I saw that the number of the Mongolian horsemen had grown considerably, and that our troops were retiring.

When they reached the lorries they piled in quickly, but instead of going back the way we came, Saito ordered us to skirt the hill in front of us. He evidently meant to attack the Mongolians from the back. This brought us still further into the Mongolian territory. I do not know how all this would have ended, but suddenly two airplanes zoomed into sight, flying very low. When Saito saw them, he ordered us to stop and there was much disorderly shooting from machine guns and rifles. The planes circled over us once and also opened fire.

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At last Colonel Saito cried, 'Back! Follow me!' Our machines turned around and sped back toward the frontier. At that moment I heard a moan from Iwamoto who was sitting next to me. A bullet from one of the planes had shattered his leg. I looked up. A plane was flying almost directly overhead and the Mongolian horsemen were thundering close behind us.

Then and there I made up my mind. I shut off the gas, put on the brakes and came out with my hands up in the air. Before a minute had passed the Mongolian cavalry had surrounded us.

That is how I was captured. My captivity has brought one surprise after another. I saw that the 'savage Mongolians,' whom the Japanese officers had used as bogies to frighten us, were people who want peace and know how to live in such a way that their fields are not cultivated by slaves. The streets of their towns are not infested by beggars. The people themselves reap the fruits of their labor. The Mongolian, the Chinese, and the Korean—all feel that they are citizens of a free country. And I decided that instead of growing rice for the Eastern Colonizing Company, or driving a lorry on frontier raids, I had better stay right here. So, when the exchange of prisoners took place, I asked Iwamoto to give Colonel Saito the regards of the thirteenth prisoner, who will continue to be missing when the chauffeurs' roll is called.

II. Singapore: 'A Bomber's Dream'

From the *Week*, London Topical Weekly

TWO years ago combined British army, navy and air force maneuvers were held off Singapore. Similar maneuvers were again held during February. Their progress was undoubtedly watched with particular interest by Japan.

On the eve of the 1935 maneuvers, the 'special branch' of the British police called before them Mr. Nishimura, head of one of the biggest Japanese industrial concerns in Singapore. While Mr. Nishimura was being questioned he passed his hand across his mouth. His answers became less satisfactory and after a few minutes he slumped dead in his chair, having taken strychnine pills before the eyes of the British police. Two Japanese observers who were particularly sought after by the British police managed to escape aboard a Japanese steamer. One of them carried a green attaché case, the contents of which were badly wanted at Fort Canning.

The chief lesson learnt by the Japanese from the last British maneuvers was the small value to be placed on the aircraft-carrier as an offensive weapon. The Royal Air Force, operating from the Seletar base, had the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Eagle* theoretically sunk by Wildebeeste torpedo bombs before she had launched a single plane. H.M. aircraft-carrier *Hermes* met with the same fate in later maneuvers.

There followed an immediate change

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in the strategical plans of the Japanese High Command for the eventual expulsion of British imperialism from the Pacific zone. Attack on the Singapore fortress was impossible, they decided, unless air bases could be established within bombing range, in addition to naval bases that could refuel submarines and a blockading and attacking fleet.

II

Thereupon Japanese penetration in the rubber and mineral industries of Malaya went ahead without, apparently, meeting with any resistance from local British officers. Japan has secured a monopoly of the exploitation of rich iron ore in the Malay States of Johore and Trengganu besides getting most of the supplies of ilmenite, used for naval smoke-screens.

Japan has also bought a large area of rubber-land and has shown a commendable regard for the welfare of Chinese and Indian coolies never before detected in Japanese treatment of native labor in Osaka and Shanghai.

Huge football fields have been built for coolies to whom any recreations but fan-tan and opium smoking were previously unknown. The football fields have smooth, firm surfaces, suitable for the take-off of heavily-laden bombers.

Although full details of the occupation of a British island off the coast of Borneo by Japanese—substantiated by a high Colonial official of British North Borneo—were given by Singapore news agency correspondents, no move has yet been made to evict the 'fishing colony.'

Japanese naval interest is also centered on the Netherlands Indies, which, in the hands of a hostile power, could make Singapore untenable. The Japanese Admiralty has issued a brochure entitled *Watch Netherlands Indies for National Defense*. Reference is made in the brochure to the oilfields of Borneo.

It is interesting, in this connection, to note that the recent German-Japanese agreement includes an understanding about the ousting of the peaceful, slow-moving Dutch from their rich East Indian empire.

The Japanese have also managed to squeeze from the Dutch a concession in New Guinea, a bomb's throw from North Australia, which provides access to the former German territory of New Guinea, now mandated to the Australian Commonwealth, but about which Japan and Germany also have an agreement.

The shortsightedness of the military, or funk at Whitehall, has allowed Japan to send large numbers of Japanese immigrants to Singapore. Japanese fishermen in speedy luggers and trawlers, convertible into mine-layers, are taking over the vast fishing trade in these tropical waters, and the Japanese economic grip on Malayan commerce and shipping has increased so tremendously that Singapore Harbor is now always filled with Japanese vessels.

It is not inconceivable that the experiment of the Madrid 'Fifth Column' could be tried out with much more chance of success in Singapore than in Spain. A surprise raid on the ill-guarded forts on the islands of Pulau Brani, Pulau Tekon and Blakang Mati, just off Singapore, and on the forts of Changi and Mount Faber on the main island, might at least dis-

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organize, if not silence, the forts for long enough to allow a sea and air bombardment and a landing.

The danger of a blockade has aroused concern among the civilian population of Singapore, who cannot grow more than 3 per cent of their food requirements on Singapore Island. Submarines in the Straits of Malacca and the Gulf of Siam, and troops cutting the railway from Siam, where Japanese penetration has gone unchecked, could effectively deprive Singapore of the Burmese, Siamese and Indo-Chinese rice on which her Asiatic population exists. The European population lives mainly on meat, flour and fruit from Australia, which has few merchant ships and still fewer warships available to maintain a long line of communication.

When the British military authorities wake up to the danger of the fortress being starved into submission, it will be found that long research and great expense are necessary to provide for the storage of an adequate supply of food in a tropical climate notorious for rapid deterioration.

The reactions of the native population to an air-raid must also be considered. The natives are 90 per cent illiterate and in their panic might seriously hamper the movements of troops. To produce a 'black-out' in Singapore would take an hour: many of the streets are still lit by ancient gas and oil lamps which have to be lit and extinguished by Tamils, who would hardly go on their rounds with the same enthusiasm if the city were being bombed.

Another feature of this 'impregnable citadel' that is to insure the British Empire a permanent stake in the Pacific is that the moisture-laden climate renders gas-attack more than ordinarily effective. Mustard-gas, having an affinity for water, would hang about for days on the muddy island, a large part of which is scarcely above sea-level.

The weakest piece of fortress strategy is in the overground construction of the refueling tanks of the British Navy. Any air passenger arriving at Singapore could toss a stone on to the cluster of tanks built to supply the Navy with oil to operate in the Pacific—the real object of the Singapore base.

By day there are always heavy cloud-banks in this region, affording good shelter for attacking planes. Night exercises have shown that the anti-aircraft defenses would have small chance of bringing down enough of a fleet of night-bombers to matter. The floating dock and the world's largest graving dock are gaping targets at Seletar. Cynical elements in the Royal Air Force refer to the fifty-million-dollar base at Singapore as a 'bomber's dream.'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Inconstant Gide

TO BE praised by his enemies and reviled by his friends—such has been André Gide's strange and bitter portion since he published his *Retour de l'U.S.S.R.* The book was reviewed by Emmanuel Berl in the January issue.

Dorgelès, Céline and Gide.

These three French writers recently visited Russia. Upon returning all three wrote disparaging books about the Land of the Hammer and Sickle. The enemies of Soviet Russia have been overjoyed by these acidulent books; her friends have seized the nearest weapon—usually a pen —and have rushed to defend the breach.

What Dorgelès thought and said didn't matter. The disillusionment that Céline voiced in *Mea Culpa* lost much of its force because it was diffuse. The author of *Journey to the End of Night* retched not only over Soviet Russia but over all humanity as well.

But Gide! The Gide who had only lately announced his conversion to Communism! Although his *Retour de l'U.S.S.R.* 'is rose water beside the vitriol of Céline's *Mea Culpa*,' according to Cacambo of *Candide*, it was Gide who was the betrayer, the hypocrite—who has been the object of the inky vengeance of his Socialist fellow craftsmen.

Romain Rolland expressed himself as follows in an article in *Humanité*:—

It is not only a bad book, but a mediocre, astonishingly empty, superficial, puerile and contradictory book. The great amount of attention it has received is certainly not due to its worth, because it has none, but rather to the exploitation of Gide's fame by the enemies of the U.S.S.R.

If Gide had been honest he would have made his criticism while he was at Moscow instead of playing a hypocritical game. Lavishing praise upon the U.S.S.R. while there, he stabbed her in the back as soon as he returned to France, and through all this has protested his 'sincerity.'

I hear it said that Gide pretends that he had no intention of harming the U.S.S.R. and the Revolution, and that he complains that the entire anti-Soviet press is using his book as weapon against Russia. If so, it was not because he wasn't warned. I know that his friends warned him of the mistake he was making and begged him to reconsider. He wouldn't listen and hastened to publish the book in a huge edition and at a low price.

Now he protests against the humiliating panegyrics which have come from the agents of reaction, even from the *Völkischer Beobachter*, and I can imagine that he finds himself tortured. But he is perceiving all this rather late. The damage has been done. Will he be able to undo it? I doubt it. If he only had the will! During the next few months we shall learn whether he has or not.

Lion Feuchtwanger contributed a more analytical anti-Gideiad to *Pravda*:—

When André Gide returned from his journey into the heart of Africa and declared himself a Communist, his conversion was merely an æsthetic one; it was the result of a sentimental crisis in the soul of a sensitive writer whose nerves had been shaken by the sight of the suffering endured by the exploited blacks in the Congo. In Soviet Russia, what Gide said in his fine book on the African journey was hailed as a wholly political conviction. In reality it was nothing of the sort.

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The 'Communism' of Gide was not the result of rational thinking; the writer was simply in a spiritual state which might just as easily have made him proclaim himself a Catholic and adopt Jesus and Mary instead of bringing him to adopt Marx and Lenin.

There is also no doubt that he came to Soviet Russia with a preconceived and erroneous idea of it. He had misunderstood the nature of the Soviet Constitution and he confused the real democracy which he found upon his arrival with the formal and external democracy of the West European countries. And he felt himself profoundly deceived when he did not find in Russia the freedom of opinion and of the press in the Western sense.

André Gide betook himself to Russia in the mental state of a Parisian man-about-town—sneering, self-centered and convinced that Paris is the point about which the world revolves. He showed little interest in the magnificent achievements of Soviet Russia but seized eagerly upon certain undeniable evidences of a lack of good taste that one finds here and there. But he did not notice the splendor of the '*ensemble*.'

Gide visited Soviet Russia not as an impartial observer but as a bored æsthete who required new sensations. Soviet Russia scarcely pleased him. That is his concern. But he speaks of it at the very moment when aggression against Spain menaces the work of Socialism in France and throughout the world. It therefore becomes—and even Gide the æsthete must comprehend it—aid to the enemy.

For many years Gide has lived in his 'Ivory Tower' of pure æstheticism. He was contented there; the works which he created during this period will live. Then he left his tower, which had come to bore him, to take a walk, to get the numbness out of his legs. Now he has returned to his tower. Good luck to him!

Gide's disappointment in what he found in Soviet Russia cannot have surprised Azorin (José Martinez Ruiz), the penetrating Spanish critic, who had already found Gide's conversion to Communism quite out of character. Writing in the *Prensa*, of Buenos Aires, some time before the appearance of the *Retour*, Azorin confessed that he was mystified.

André Gide has been converted to Communism. But Communism such as Soviet Russia practises insists upon an imperative and inflexible norm. 'Inconstant man, vacillating and contradictory'—they are words of Montaigne—has to move in one rhythm, uniform and absolute. If we cast a glance over all the works of Gide, we do not understand his change, though friends of Gide have tried to justify him by quoting from his earlier writing.

In any prolific writer one can find texts that justify any of his present attitudes. In Gide's works there are passages that might be used to support anything. Some justify Communism, some Liberalism and some even Fascism. The problem is not one of antecedents but of purely and exclusively psychological factors. 'I dislike being where they think I am,' he once wrote. Gide appears to be in one spot and is really in another. Impelled by desire, anxious to know and to feel, Gide has moved on from the position which we think he holds and already has adopted another. In Communism this is not possible. In Communism he cannot move from one side to the other; he cannot be gently wafted hither and thither by whatever wind of doctrine momentarily appeals to him. Such a system and such a discipline are not for Gide. We do not understand his 'conversion.'

Azorin's analysis was prophetic. But what next? What will be Gide's next shift? Will he really go back to his ivory tower, as Feuchtwanger suggests? Or will he become an apologist, as Romain Rolland rather cautiously hopes?

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BOOKS ABROAD

A Novel of War and Fate

Été 1914. *By Roger Martin du Gard. Paris: Gallimard. 1936.*

(Paul Nizan in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

THERE are problem novels and record novels. The former are concerned only with universal problems that need have nothing to do with any particular period; the latter are more concerned with presenting the record of some period. It so happens that an author who is able to state a psychological problem is usually incapable of writing a record. A writer almost invariably belongs to one type or the other, to that of Dostoievski or to that of Zola. Seldom indeed do we find these two talents combined in one artist, as in Tolstoi, who wrote both *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*.

Novels of the second type are necessarily historical in character since they presuppose that the time when a given event took place and the time when it is recorded are far enough removed from each other to allow of perspective and to create a basis for artistic expression. An epoch becomes material for such treatment only after it has undergone the test of time. The relation of the Second Empire to Zola's works, and that of the reign of Alexander I to *War and Peace* furnish good examples of this rule.

The pre-War period has already become an historical epoch—there is no longer any doubt about it now that *The Bells of Basel*, *Men of Good Will* and the latest works of Roger Martin du Gard have been written. It is a closed epoch, a fact that greatly facilitates an author's work. When a novelist focuses his attention on the problems of today, everything tends to mislead him—the confusion of events, the multitude of human types, secrets which are still undivulged, ideas which have not been tested by time and a future which remains an unknown quantity. He finds himself in the situation that Dostoievski describes in his conclusion to the *Adolescent*—he must 'guess . . . and make mistakes.' 'Indeed,' adds Dostoievski, 'only after the present has become the past, and the future is on its way, will the artist of the future be able to transform the confusion and the chaos of the past into beauty.'

The Summer of 1914 describes a period of confusion which, being over, can now be reduced to the terms of art. Who can deny that art is knowledge? The gropings of the heroes of *The Summer of 1914*, the dreamy discussions in which they lose themselves, their problems, their sufferings are recapitulated by a novelist who, indeed, may pretend to share their ignorance, but who really knows both the events and the outcome of the threatening war. He rides the crest of history of which they can see only the backwash, and it is his knowledge of the secret that determines their action. A knowledge of the historical issues and results is the prime requisite of artistic treatment in this type of work. The summer of 1914 was a time of chaos, but for Roger Martin du Gard, writing in 1936, that chaos had been resolved. Fine arts have always striven to achieve completeness; they are better suited to deal with the ends than with the beginnings, as can be seen in the difficulties which confront Soviet literature.

This period is an exceptional one, like all others that mark a breaking point in history. And its special character required that Martin du Gard, who had been writing his *Thibault* for a long time as a problem novel, should finish it as a record.

I do not believe that, after the split made by the War and what followed it, the novel can easily revert to its former style. For a long time to come it is unlikely that great works of fiction will em-

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phasize personal life as they have done up to the present. From 1914 on all life becomes public. This metamorphosis, which began with the war, has been steadily progressing. Personal histories, which are no longer anything but a form of escape, now seem to lack real significance. The characters of the *Thibault* series, Jacques as well as Antoine, Jenny as well as Daniel, cease to be individuals because their creator has realized that the personal concept of life is out of focus. The individual, even in the private realm of his thought, can no longer escape invasion from the outside world. I imagine that the exemplary deaths of Jacques Thibault and Meynestrel are meant as symbols of this change. The prophets of individualism, whose reign lasted a long time, may well complain—but not the novelist who finds in this turmoil the central theme for his drama: the relation of man to fate.

The Summer of 1914 is precisely such a novel of destiny. Each life in it is under the spell of a dark and invincible power, is ground to dust by a machinery of secrets, treaties and governments which pursues its foreordained task with the relentless fury of the Atrides' curse. The man in the street has always sought to personify the agents of his misfortune. So, in the feverish activity of all these general staffs, politicians and diplomats, he may distinguish the work of Berchtold, Sazonov and Poincaré, and revile their names. Yet those statesmen themselves feel that they are powerless to control the course of events. It had become a plaything of economic rivalries, of territorial ambitions, a conflict between myths about national honor. Only a few revolutionaries understand this machine—and knowing how it works is not sufficient to stop it. They alone perceive the pattern of the struggle. We now know that that pattern was clear enough; it was simply a game that was being played by capitalist interests and by conflicting imperialisms which expected to gain much from the war.

Marx wrote in his *Deutsche Ideologie* that the world market is the modern version of fate. One cannot help but see how this interpretation adds to Martin du Gard's art. It contrasts sharply with *Men of Good Will*, in which the motivation appears to be artificial, and which is based on Romains's conception that history is made up of fortuitous events.

The essence of tragedy in *The Summer of 1914* lies in the relation its heroes bear to fate. Not one of them would hold the reader's interest by virtue of his personal drama: Anne's love for Antoine and Jenny's for Jacques suddenly seem petty adventures. The effect produced is exactly the same as in Tolstoi's famous description of the burning of Moscow. A novel must have either submission or resistance to destiny as its underlying theme, and I am convinced that these two are the only subjects worthy of being treated by truly great art. There is not a character in the book whose actions are not determined by the fortunes of the War. Almost all of them give in; sometimes, like Manuel Roy, they invent a myth of national heroism, which is in itself merely an acceptance of fate. A few resist. It is not by mere chance that Martin du Gard's book with its many negative heroes lays such passionate emphasis upon the revolutionaries of Geneva, Brussels and Paris. For in a universe governed by man's struggle against fate the only heroes who count are those who defy fate.

The only greatness possible to man comes from resisting the degradation of human energy, from transforming its ignoble expressions into noble, from combating the effects of passion, degradation and weakness. That is why Roger Martin du Gard ultimately finds authentic heroism in the revolution. Jacques, Mithoerg, Meynestrel—all of them—try to achieve what is beyond their powers. But from the artistic point of view, success or failure do not affect the intrinsic value of the defiance of fate, and this is demonstrated in the author's treatment of revolutionaries.

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Martin du Gard has been criticized for making his heroes talk too much. Perhaps the tradition of the dialogue in the novel has been lost; certainly no characters talk more than those of Dostoievski or Balzac. But nothing in the book seems more pathetic than those endless discussions in which the revolutionaries stubbornly strive to explain their credo, their refusal to accept fate when, even though caught in its toils, they still feel sure of history.

Revolutionaries are very useful as characters to the novelist who is describing them. A historical novel like *The Summer of 1914*, which is entirely concerned with recording a past era, should, strictly speaking, end with death. In this novel such a conclusion could not be tolerated; it would signify a break in the continuity of time, a cataclysm! From a revolutionary's point of view there can be no such break. He looks beyond the immediate adversities and successes which blind fate showers on him and sees only the future.

All the principal characters in a novel are usually prisoners within the limits of the present or the past. Novels that deal with personal life may end at some point in the hero's life, but nobody is deceived; every one knows very well that the hero must ultimately die. But a true revolutionary lives in the future. Even in defeat he is the freest of men.

It seems to me that Martin du Gard has been able to grasp this distinctive character of his heroes. Jacques Thibault may die and in the most ignoble manner—nobody cares. All the reasons that made his life significant are still present. In this novel more than pure art was needed to bridge the gap between chaos of the War and that of our time. We might have seen only man's weakness, because we, with Martin du Gard, know how history has answered the questions Thibault asked himself just before he was killed in his stretcher by a fear-crazed gendarme. In spite of this knowledge it is only man's greatness that we see.

Interpretations of Japan

The March of Japan. *By Edgar Lajtha. London: Robert Hale. 1936.*
The True Face of Japan. *By Komakichi Nohara. London: Jarrolds. 1936.*
Living in Tokyo. *By Katherine Sansom. London: Chatto and Windus. 1936.*

(J. O. P. Bland in the *Observer*, London)

WHEN, thirty-two years ago, Lafcadio Hearn attempted his 'interpretation' of Japan, after fourteen years of residence in the country and close study of the culture and characteristics of its people, he confessed that 'he could not understand the Japanese at all.' Moreover, he predicted that because of the vastness, intricacy and obscurity of the subject, no satisfactory interpretation of the life of the Japanese, picturing it psychologically and ethically, could possibly be written for at least fifty years. In his opinion, such an interpretation would require 'the united labor of a generation of scholars.' Nevertheless, since Hearn's day, the unsolved puzzle has lured hundreds of writers. Modern Japan has probably more interpreters today than any other country, but each, at best, can only add a stone to the edifice of knowledge, which still will need much time and labor of scholars to complete.

The three books here under review deal with the problems and paradoxes of modern Japan from different points of view, and, in many instances, with curiously different results. Edgar Lajtha, a young Hungarian writer, who at the age of twenty-five has achieved an international reputation as a journalist, was recently commissioned to visit the Far East, as special correspondent for a group of Continental newspapers. His book is a summary of his impressions of the Japanese people, their type of civilization, their national policy of expansion, and the phenomena and phases of their rapid evolution.

Claiming no previous knowledge of the

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country, his work naturally reflects, to some extent, the opinions current in those official and journalistic circles which he frequented. In a rapid survey, extending to the Hokkaido, Sakhalin and Manchukuo, he discusses most of the social, political and economic questions of the day; the result is an eminently readable guide book. Mr. Lajtha is an alert and experienced observer, and his conclusions are those of an impartially discriminating mind; at the same time, they frequently convey the impression that he has heard a good deal more than he has read about Japan. For this reason, and others, it is very interesting to compare his views on widely discussed features of modern Japan with those arrived at by Mr. Nohara and by Mrs. Sansom respectively, as the result of other mental processes.

Mr. Lajtha, for instance, regards *Bushido*, the 'Way of the Warrior,' or Samurai tradition, as the dominant influence in Japanese life, the master-key which opens the door to full comprehension of the mystery of the sudden rise of Nippon. 'The face of the feudal knight,' he writes, 'is still concealed by the smiling mask of the modern Japanese, and the Samurai spirit is everywhere.' Mr. Nohara's analysis of the chief causes contributing to Japan's rapid material progress and to the present-day tendencies of her people makes no mention whatsoever of *Bushido*. In his opinion, the stoic quality which chiefly distinguishes the national character and determines the forms of national life is primarily due to the 'educative earthquake.' To its beneficent and tonic scourge, and that of recurrent minor calamities, such as fire and typhoons, he attributes most of the virile qualities and many of the defects of his countrymen. He believes with Landor that 'we are what suns and winds and waters make us.' Therefore, in his opinion, there is nothing 'magical,' or even surprising, in Japan's rapid rise to a position of equality with the great Powers. He regards it as 'the natural result of the systematic and ingenious application of previously existing forces,' a conclusion in which most sociologists will concur.

Again, Mr. Lajtha finds the explanation of cheap Japanese goods and expanding commerce overseas in the 'fanatical race-consciousness of the Japanese workman.' 'Japan, the national well-being of their fatherland—that is the magic word that is responsible for the cheap labor.' Mr. Nohara, on the other hand, finds it in the 'ant-like industry, the skill and fidelity of the workers of both sexes,' in the supporting fabric of the family system, and in 'a peculiar national order which distributes the burdens and makes the pleasures accessible to everybody—in short, to Japanese civilization itself.' In this connection, he draws a most instructive parallel between the actual conditions of life and labor in Japan and those prevailing in Germany.

Mrs. Sansom has lived amongst the Japanese long enough, and her almost affectionate appreciation of them is based on sufficient experience to permit of her saying that, being human, they have the defects of their qualities, and to enable her to sympathize, in a spirit of kindliness that is born of understanding, with the many and great difficulties, 'arising from life in two worlds,' which beset their path. Her book presents a friendly, intimate, and charming study of everyday Japanese life, a study worthy to take its place (like the *tokonoma's* sprig of cherry blossom in a classic vase) beside her husband's erudite cultural history of Japan.

Politics and the economics of commerce come not within her ken; she is concerned only with the social, domestic, and æsthetic aspects of life in Tokyo. As the result of her exceptionally close contacts with these, she is able to throw light on many things which Japanese writers usually take for granted, especially as regards the effect on the national character and culture of the family system, upon which she lays particular stress. For example, discussing their 'lack of cordiality

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in social intercourse,' and the apparently cold reserve which, in the eyes of foreigners, is one of their most noticeable characteristics and makes them internationally 'bad mixers,' she says: —

'The reserve which keeps the Japanese so much out of your orbit, and forces you to keep very much on your own side of the fence, not impinging on theirs, is very often quite a dispassionate thing, having nothing to do with your particular personality. It grows out of life in the family, that self-contained unit.'

But beneath this surface sternness, behind this attitude of reserve, and in spite of the repressive tendencies of their social system, she shows that the natural gaiety and cheerfulness which are the abiding birthright of the people, manage to survive, making life in Tokyo well worth living and the better acquaintance of its inhabitants well worth cultivating.

The Dilemma of Poland

THE POLAND OF PILSUDSKI. *By Robert Machray. London: Allen and Unwin. 1936.*
LA POLOGNE D'AUJOURDHUI. *By Václav Fiala. Paris: Paul Hartmann. 1936.*

(From the *Economist*, London)

IT IS perhaps the main duty of an historian to interpret, and of a journalist to record. In these two books, it is the journalist, Mr. Václav Fiala, who interprets, the historian, Mr. Robert Machray, who records. *La Pologne d'aujourdhui* is, in the words of its author, a 'consecutive record in chronological order of the day-to-day drama of the restored Polish State, with Pilsudski as the central figure.' It incorporates Mr. Machray's previous book, *Poland, 1914–31*, and carries on the history of Poland till July, 1936. The very thoroughness with which Mr. Machray has collected his facts does much to obscure their significance. The record of frequent changes of government, of frequent financial crises, of *communiqués* after foreign visits, and of press reports only elucidates what the reader already knows; his curiosity about the real springs of Polish action remains as great as before.

In the chapter headed 'Relations with Germany,' an account is given of the negotiations leading up to the surprising Polish-German Ten Years' Pact of January, 1934. The chronological order here is wholly out of place; for the dominant features of the treaty at that time were the secrecy with which the treaty was negotiated, and the suddenness of its publication, not only to the world at large, but to Poland's closest ally, France. It was this which chiefly caused the surprise and suspicion which Mr. Machray, representing the Polish point of view, finds so unjustified. While fully describing the tension between Germany and Poland, which grew increasingly with Hitler's approach to power, Mr. Machray, nevertheless, treats the pact itself without astonishment and with little explanation. With his 'sympathetic but not propagandist point of view,' he under-estimates the strategic and other factors which caused France to regard the pact as an encouragement to potential aggression in Central and South-Eastern Europe.

Mr. Fiala, on the other hand, gives an excellent account of Polish-German and Polish-Russian relations. He shows how Poland's exposed position between these two countries inevitably determines her foreign policy and, to a large extent, her home policy also. He gives an acute analysis of the foreign policies of Pilsudski and Colonel Beck, and does much to suggest the superiority in diplomacy and single-mindedness possessed by Pilsudski. Much light is thus thrown on the peculiar political and strategic dilemma of Poland, situated as she is between two huge and highly-armed Powers.

Mr. Machray, in his chapter 'Poland since Pilsudski,' gives one little idea of the real significance for Poland of Pilsudski's death. On the one hand he says that it meant no change in home or foreign policy; on the other, that 'a fresh period in the history of Poland had begun.'

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'Marshal Pilsudski,' writes Mr. Fiala, 'vanished at the height of his power, but without having achieved his object.' He died leaving a dictatorship but no dictator, and it is this which sets one speculating not only on the probable course of Poland's foreign policy but on the eventual stability of her internal régime.

Though Mr. Fiala, who is a Czechoslovak citizen, wrote his articles at various times during the last two years, he writes with such intelligence and care, that he enables one to understand not only the past of which he writes but the present which was then unknown. He has certainly attained his object of writing a book which 'can be consulted with interest today by the contemporary reader who is interested in politics, and in the future by the historian who is studying the problem of Poland.'

Whither Hitler?

Wohin Treibt Hitler? *By Dr. Otto Strasser. Prague: Heinrich Grunov Verlag. 1936.*

(Translated from the *Weltwoche*, Zurich)

DR. OTTO STRASSER'S writings are given singular value by the author's restraint. Despite his aversion to the Hitler régime he does not permit his judgment to be clouded by passion. In rereading his book about the German St. Bartholomew's Massacre, which appeared two years ago, one is astonished to find with what striking accuracy he described the ruling powers of the Third Reich and how correctly he predicted their development.

Strasser's new book, *Wohin Treibt Hitler?* is a sequel of the other one. There he had concluded with the prophecy that the 30th of June would be succeeded by the rule of Göring, unless the German Revolution should succeed before him. 'Göring means war,' he stated. On that score there can be neither doubt nor hope. Strasser stated this is not from any special hatred of Göring (he does not raise Göring above the other murderers of his brother) but because he knows him—and Hitler—well, and because he is familiar with his rôle in the Reichstag fire and in the purge of June 30th.

We do not as yet have war unless one regards the German troops now fighting in Spain as engaged in war. But we do have the rule of Göring whose massive personality is more and more forcing to the wall the Schachts, Blombergs, and Goebbelses, not to speak of the smaller fry. Even Hitler's own power, at least in its practical aspects, seems to be fading before that of Germany's economic dictator. And apart from Göring, the malignant cancer of rearmament is gradually engulfing all the strength of the German people. No one can tell where this state of affairs will lead, though everyone knows its danger. In his new book Strasser looks with extreme pessimism upon the further developments. He still believes that Göring's power will only end with defeat in war. He believes that there will be an explosion in Germany before the final crash. His arguments, unfortunately, are of such weight that no leading statesman, politician, journalist or student can afford to ignore them.

German Poets

Sonnets to Orpheus. *By Rainer Maria Rilke. German text with an English translation by J. B. Leishman. London: Hogarth Press. 1936.*

(Charles Powell in the *Manchester Guardian*)

SONNETS TO ORPHEUS is one of the two poems written in the last years of his life—written, indeed, in three weeks—that crown the work of Rilke, the great German poet. The other, and the greater, is *Elegies from the Castle of Duino*. That was translated five years ago by Miss Sackville-West and her brother with a fidelity that succeeded in preserving much of the beauty of the German. The *Sonnets*—a loose term, covering, besides the son-

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nets proper, lyrics in several other forms —are, like the *Elegies*, elegiac in conception—or, more strictly, in inception, written, as they were, as a monument to a young girl whom Rilke never saw but whose intense vitality he had realized from the moving account of her fatal illness sent to him by her mother. That was one source of inspiration. The other was the sight in a shop-window of an engraving of Orpheus with his lyre, who at once became the center of the *Sonnets*. Rilke was an exteme symbolist, and, Orpheus being the symbol of poetry, the poem deals with the relation between poetry and life. But with Rilke life was closely correlated with death, and so Orpheus, the mediator between life and death, became the symbolic figure of the young girl's monument.

'Inspiration' here is apter than it usually is, since the composing of the *Sonnets* seems almost to have amounted to automatic writing and Rilke to have been something like an unvolitional transmitter. He speaks of them as 'the most mysterious, most enigmatic dictation that I have ever endured or performed: the whole first part was written down in a single breathless attention . . . without one word's being in doubt or requiring to be altered.'

How, then, was it likely to fare in translation? Poorly, if there had been nothing more to it than that. But here Rilke's technical mastery comes in. The poems may have been 'received,' but there was the transmuting power of his pen, so that there was at least a fine form to go on, and Mr. Leishman has aimed at a reproduction of the form, especially its rhythms and metres, though at no more than an equivalence of the sense.

The *Sonnets* are less obscure, abstruse, and complex than the *Elegies* and so more amenable to a translator. Equivalence was therefore better justified than it would have been in the other poem. Still, there remained subtleties enough to tax the highest skill if there was to be no crudity or ungainliness in rendering them into English verse, and difficulties enough in Rilke's mysticism and metaphysical lyricism if his abundant symbolical imagery was to be brought over unblurred. Understanding of Rilke's poetic philosophy Mr. Leishman certainly has, and a measure of skill he has certainly shown. But he has been rhyme-beguiled into much redundancy and embellishment, to say nothing of awkwardness and infelicity. The first poem of the second part in particular he has completely delyricized and prosaicized:—

Breath, you invisible poem! Joy's perpetual permutation
of pure space for pure existence. Counter-
poise
of my rhythmical realization.

On the other hand, what he can do when he frees himself and rises and expands is seen in his fine rendering of the beautiful dove-hunting sonnet:—

They gently let you in, as though you were
only a token
to celebrate peace. And then a lad would
twitch at your thong—
and night would cast from the caves a
pitiful handful of broken-
flighted doves to the light. . . .
But not even that *was wrong.*

Mr. Leishman's introduction and notes are admirably helpful to an understanding of Rilke both as poet and as man.

The Full Life

GEHEIMNISSE DES REIFEN LEBENS: AUS DEN AUFZEICHNUNGEN ANGERMANNS. *By Hans Carossa. Leipzig: Insel-Verlag. 1936.*

(Erich Pfeiffer-Belli in the *Berliner Tageblatt*)

FOR whom, we ask, is this exquisite book written? It seems obscure at times, crystal-clear at others, but always it remains a pure work of art. Will the younger generation, which has been so strongly

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attracted by Carossa's personality, follow him further? Will they not sense that he has drifted away from their youthful life into those solitary regions where decisions are based not purely on the hour and on the day? Even in the mature person this book raises questions and demands—questions about the why and wherefore of our being—which call for decisions far beyond our existence.

To read this book means to combine enjoyment and effort—a quality that is becoming ever more rare in literature. It requires one's complete concentration, although it actually contains nothing but the monologues and loosely connected reflections of one Angermann. He is a man past his youth, a 'dowser,' as men are called who use the divining rod, who lives at the river's edge near the long-closed border with his wife Cordula. As in Rilke's letters there is here an endless monologue in which a heavy, rich life is depicted. It is deeply stirring because of its unconditional truthfulness and purity of purpose, and because of its simple and natural profession of faith in the world of the spirit.

If there is any central theme at all—and this is not really a novel—then it is the relationship of man to man—as husband and wife, as lovers, as friends. All this is shown in Angermann's relationship to Barbara, a beautiful, straightforward and active young woman, who lives with her friend Sybille and who is about to give birth to Angermann's child. The strange destinies and sometimes seemingly obscure interrelations of these people bind them together closely. The word 'companionship,' in its true sense, must be applied to their relationship. It has here materialized to perfection, in complete solitude.

All this would be unendurable without the counter-balance of nature—without the woods, the river, the animals, without the great poet's simple reflections on the surroundings, without the people all around. This description has been achieved with the deepest devotion and understanding. The characters and places are unforgettable.

This is not an idyll despite its tranquillity. It is pervaded by an inner tension because it lives in the spirit yet derives its shape from life. It contains one intensely exciting passage, in those pages about the 'unwritten book.' Here, from the slightest intimations, dizzy perspectives arise. All this is written in a very compact language, slow and deliberate but never vain. The writer knows his trade as does almost no one else in Germany.

The reader feels as though he had fallen heir to a legacy. In a world without secrets, this book tells of the secrets of life—yet without attempting to solve them. At a time when the spirit is persecuted as the 'great adversary,' the poet shelters it. He counsels quiet in a world of boisterous noise. Every sensitive person will realize that this inheritance, these 'secrets of the full life' are something very great, very beautiful and very rare.

Winnowed Wit

Pick and Choose. *By Daniel George. London: Cape. 1936.*

(Rose Macaulay in the *Spectator*, London)

Anthologies are attractively individual things, for no one can ever completely share anyone else's taste in jottings. Particularly when the jottings are not selected to illustrate some one aspect of life, but take the whole of it for their province, as do these extracts selected by that expert and lively anthologist, Mr. Daniel George. It becomes then a matter not of aptness but of sheer preference; and it is always interesting to observe what some one else chooses to set down out of the vast field of the world's literature.

Generalizing, I should say that Mr. George's taste runs on the whole to humor, to philosophy, to anecdote, to medicine, gastronomy, curiosity and the

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physical aspects of life, rather than to poetry or mere beauty. He has many dietetic and hygienic counsels, much of eating and drinking, begetting and childbearing, many peculiar habits of foreigners as noted by our ancestors, some early Royal Society experimentings, some of the more shocking police-court cases of past centuries, some of the more surprising personal habits of the saints, and much physical anatomy, as well as anecdotes, epigrams and philosophical discourses on practically all topics from *a* to *z* (for the arrangement is alphabetical). Most of the English wits, some of the French, many of the best epigrammists, discoursers, poets, travelers, observers and anecdotists are here; some are familiar, some less so; I am delighted to find much of my favorite, John Bulwer, whose *Anthropometamorphosis* is a mine of curious information about human vanities, and which has not, I think, been reprinted since 1653.

Most of Mr. George's authors are authors whom I, too, read with pleasure, which possibly prejudices me for his book; but even were they all strangers, I should enjoy it. Individually they are usually pleasing (not quite always); taken together, they present life as a comic curiosity box, absurd, charming, rather nasty, here and there lovely, and most human, lovable and odd. These miscellaneous, random fragments wittily and cleverly kaleidoscope the queer entertaining world. One sometimes wishes them longer, and particularly when they are so familiar that one knows what is just beyond them, as with the extract about the double-tongued inhabitants of the island described by Diodorus Siculus (Mr. George might perhaps have indicated that it was an island found 'in the great Ocean Sea toward the south'), when one hopes that the little four-eyed beasts like tortoises are coming in. But even the best quotations cannot last for ever, and there is also virtue in brevity, savor in snacks.

Compiling this anthology must have been great fun, and reading it is great fun. I have found plenty in it that is new to me, and so, I imagine, will most people; the prose extracts are nearly all, in one way or another, good; some of the verse is beautiful, some comic, some pompous (such as Henry More's egregious philosophizings), some excellent epigram, and none too hackneyed, though Mr. George has not snobbishly rejected the familiar, and quotes *Paradise Lost*, Wordsworth, Spenser and Ben Jonson, along with Churchyard, Dr. John Armstrong, and the ambiguous and unidentified Joshua Cooke, who supplies his charming gluttonous grace for a meal.

What good things people have said down the ages! Mr. George's humorous and discerning eye and scholarly industry in research make him their ideal collector.

[*Of the books reviewed above*, The March of Japan *by Edgar Lajtha will be published in the United States by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York and Katherine Sansom's* Living in Tokyo *by Harcourt Brace, New York.*]

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

WE OR THEY—TWO WORLDS IN CONFLICT. *By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 106 pages. $1.50.*

THE spirit of this stimulating book may be found in the dedication by Mr. Armstrong: 'To Those Honorable Men in Prison and in Exile for Liberty.' The editor of *Foreign Affairs* looks back upon the past eighteen years with understanding and defines in plain terms what he considers the crisis of civilization. His thesis is the announcement of Mussolini: 'The struggle between two worlds can permit no compromise. . . . Either we or they!' Mussolini was speaking to his Italian audience.

What Mussolini says, it is inferred, Hitler says, Stalin says. Two worlds—Dictatorship and Democracy—are in conflict, and between them a great gulf is fixed. The acts of Fascist and Communist States are taken to be the denial of liberty, of thought, of spirit; and nations under dictators permit no one freedom in law, art, literature, science, philosophy, education, sport or religion.

The importance of his penetrating study is not diminished by asking the question: Does Mr. Armstrong draw too sharp a line between the dictatorships of modern times and the internal working of modern democracies under great internal strain and international tension? The temptation to contrast the contemporary scene in the United States and in Europe cannot be resisted. There is no need that it should be. But this arguable essay seems at times to indicate a temper of fatigue. Two worlds are in conflict. This is true. But conflict is as genuine among contradictory forces in the United States as in Europe. We have the promise but do not have the political and economic security, or the social persuasion, for the principle of democracy in this nation. There are efficient forces of Fascism in this wide territory of forty-eight states which may be identified in religious and educational institutions, in industrial relations, in so-called civic and patriotic groups.

The dilemma in international relations is simply this: Will capitalism and nationalism decide the question 'We or They?' There is no simple way out. While it is true that democracy and Fascism are incompatible philosophies of life, it is not possible to draw a circle around the democratic peoples of the world and say that the peoples of Russia, Italy, and Germany are in conflict with the aims of democratic peoples. Governments are ephemeral. The needs of human beings are constant. No word is final in the present international scene. Communism is an expedient, and it is being tried. A more important fact is that where it is not being tried it is being thought about and perhaps studied. Fascism and Communism use great peoples as a tool of experimentation. It is a tragic fact that millions of people are expecting a blundering State to express their minds. That mood is not unknown in the United States.

In the international economic field there is no 'We or They.' There is danger in complacently accepting economic conditions which the modern democratic State supports. This position implies that the evidence of economic unrest has not been given adequate consideration. It weakens the argument which would separate democracy and dictatorship, unless the democratic State asserts economic justice more effectively within the State. It is important to ask how creative is the conception of essential democracy in non-dictator States? The internal problem of making democracy succeed, as President Roosevelt suggested in his second inaugural address, is as fundamental a problem as that made necessary in international relations by the conflict of great world systems.

The final chapter, 'There is No Sovereign Right of Suicide,' provokes thought. Mr. Armstrong agrees with Pericles that the secret of liberty is courage. He recognizes that the liberal fight in the twentieth century is mainly in the economic domain. And in this connection the divergent economic policies—as well as the historic origins of Fascism and Communism—require that they be considered as separate philosophies of the State in action in Italy, Germany and Russia. Otherwise there is a false unity in discussing the common peril of the omni-competent State. It does seem to be a mistake to take any contemporary political philosophy as seriously as Mr. Armstrong takes dictatorship, especially when he so whole-heartedly assumes finance democracy

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to be 'the other world.' His indictment of dictatorship is nobly done. He begs the question of economic democracy.

The history not only of this country but the history of the party system and patronage in democracies is of some importance in interpreting the antagonisms within a nation. They seem to vary little as yet in democracy or dictatorship. The circle of civilization must not be drawn prematurely. This country in its pretended isolation may for a while draw a circle of imaginary security from Rome and Moscow and Berlin. At the same time there are within the nation outworn systems of local, State and national political organization. And in the economic sphere there are the Detroit automobile workers, the San Francisco and New Orleans dock-workers. No, 'We or They?' is not an entirely international question. Both forces are among us.

It would be unfortunate, in discussing the conflict between the 'two worlds,' to revive the war spirit of 1914–1918 as a means of salvation for democracy. The personal devil cannot reside in any great people. The Italians and Germans and Russians are great peoples. The conservative Burke of the eighteenth century may yet remind democracy that you cannot indict a whole people, even in an enlightened twentieth century. The world is not made safe for democracy by democracies acting undemocratically. The democracies may lose in the two worlds in conflict. But it will be better to lose the temporary battles of economic nationalism than for democracies to abandon their hope that all the peoples of the world may yet regain their sanity. Freedom is for all people; it is not a simple choice between 'We or They.'

—Charles W. Pipkin

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Volume V, 1917–1918. Volume VI, 1918. *Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1936, 1937. 464, 406 pages. $3.00 each.*

THE final volumes of Mr. Lloyd George's memoirs, like their predecessors, constitute a well-written defense of his own ideas and actions and a vigorous attack on many of his former co-workers. In the fifth volume he deals with the military situation and outlook at the beginning of 1918, the spread of war-weariness, the various peace offers of 1917–1918, the Bolshevik conquest of Russia, the appointment of Marshal Foch to the supreme military command, and the call for American troops followed by the formation of the American Army in France.

Like other Allied commentators, Mr. Lloyd George complains of Pershing's uncoöperative temperament because he refused to allow the early absorption of American soldiers into British and French units. In the final analysis, it must be sufficient justification for General Pershing that the American people as a whole heartily endorsed his course. Lloyd George, and those who wrote in similar vein before him, did not, and apparently do not, understand the psychology of the American as a soldier. Since their reasoning is based on an incorrect premise it seems safe to predict that the views of Allied and American writers on this subject will continue to clash for a long time to come.

Writing on the closing months of the War, Lloyd George contributes his account of the final campaigns on the Western Front, Russia after Brest-Litovsk, the defeat of Germany's allies, the internal difficulties in Germany and the conclusion of the Armistice. Turning from specific to general aspects of the struggle, he offers interesting reflections on the 'blunders' of the War, on the contributions of the Dominions and India, on the respective functions of governments and soldiers in a war and, finally, what amounts to a stinging review of Lord Haig's diaries as edited by Duff Cooper. Nearly always, of course, Mr. Lloyd George's views are interesting, his criticism sharp and his cases well-stated. If one often has the feeling in reading these volumes that there is much of hindsight, there persists a suspicion that *perhaps* the David Lloyd George of 1914–1918 was really the brilliant strategist, the peerless organizer, the undaunted fighter, and the directive genius who emerges from this million-word autobiography of four years.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

The Far Eastern Crisis: Recollections and Observations. *By Henry L. Stimson. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1936. 293 pages. $3.75.*

FORMER Secretary Stimson has written a touching account of his efforts to use the American Department of State to serve British interests in the Orient so vigorously that the

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British themselves failed to support him. Almost his entire book is devoted to what happened and what he thought about what happened between September 19, 1931, when Japanese troops began their conquest of Manchuria and March 27, 1933, when the Japanese Government announced its intention to withdraw from the League of Nations.

Mr. Stimson is not only a good lawyer; he is a man of good will and he worked patiently, honestly, unselfishly to do the right as God and the British Foreign Office gave him to see the right. According to this view, the United States has a moral obligation, based not only upon treaties but also upon an imaginary stake of incalculable dimensions in the form of China's trade, to preserve the *status quo* in eastern Asia. The Japanese, pressed by domestic difficulties and alert to the consequences of the world depression upon Europe, seized the opportunity to solve their problems by helping themselves to a large slice of Chinese territory at a time when the eight other parties to the Nine-Power Pact could not take action.

Mr. Stimson builds up his legal and moral case with scrupulous care; believing what he did, he showed extraordinary forbearance in giving the Japanese the benefit of the doubt. He understood that the military clique had usurped control from the moderate statesmen and diplomats with whom he had dealt so satisfactorily and he hoped against hope that the moderates would reassert themselves. Finally, he recognized that the militarists had come to stay and issued his famous invocation of the Nine-Power Treaty only to be greeted with a resounding raspberry from the British Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon.

This story Mr. Stimson tells as only a lawyer with a congenital pro-British bias can tell it. At no point does he so much as hint that the Open Door policy which he upheld in the Far East originated with Lord Salisbury and Sir Edward Grey on the eve of the Spanish-American War. He accepts it and its defense as naturally as he accepts his obligations to the Constitution. In consequence, he refused to abandon his position even when the British themselves did; instead he pursued a course in China which was bound to lead to one of two alternatives: capitulation to admitted Japanese aggression or war. Luckily he did not carry this policy to its logical conclusion and in the end refrained from opposing Japan's conquest in the only way it could be opposed. But what happened to American interests in the Orient as a result?

Mr. Stimson convinced the Japanese that the United States was their chief enemy while at the same time he assured the Chinese that they could expect no effective aid from Washington. Yet Mr. Stimson's book has performed a service in an unexpected quarter. Those elements in England who share his naïve belief in the League of Nations have been able to use it as a stick to beat Sir John Simon and to urge a less imperialistic policy upon their fellow-countrymen. But as far as the United States is concerned, under Secretary Hull as under Secretary Stimson, Barkis remains willing to embark on any further joint expeditions that Britain may decide upon. Better luck next time.

—Quincy Howe

The Great Russian Revolution. *By Victor Chernov. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1936. 466 pages. $5.00.*

Victor Chernov's history of the Russian Revolution stops before the cruiser *Aurora* has trained her guns on the Winter Palace. Apparently the Revolution was finished before Kerensky fell; everything that followed was merely in the words of a chapter headed, 'The Descent to Bolshevism.' However, although he treats the Bolsheviks cavalierly, Chernov convinces the reader that their coming was almost inescapable, and that, as the more moderate leaders failed to solve their problems and proved their incapacity, the masses had no choice but to turn to the Bolsheviks.

In portraying the Imperial régime the author strikes a note of impending doom like that of a Greek tragedy. Here is Nicholas II, empty, weak and fearful, and ready to welcome questionable support to uphold his shaky absolutism; here the German-born Empress, who dominated the Tsar, and boasted of 'wearing the trousers,' only to be swayed in turn by the incredible Rasputin. Here are the 'dark forces,' the corrupt politicians and criminal hangers-on around this lustful favorite who were able to obtain whatever they desired, from appointment to the Ministry to the plans of the latest offensive. Nor did the Duma Opposition seem to offer any hope; as disaster succeeded disaster at the front and as suffering increased behind the lines its leaders could only plot vaguely with the Grand Dukes,

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hoping that a palace revolution might stave off the impending mass uprising.

To the moderate leaders the actual February Revolution was a relief. Several of them were able to jockey themselves into power, the old generals still commanded the Army and the people appeared willing to wait for peaceful reforms. There was, of course, the Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, in which factory delegates and the gray-coated peasant soldiers listened to veteran revolutionaries; but this democratic assemblage did not want to rule, and allowed Prince Lvov, Guchkov, Miliukov and Kerensky to hold power. But there seemed an opportunity for a peaceful solution of Russia's problems.

It was not to be, however; selfish interests, rather than the Bolsheviks, brought these hopes to ruin. Miliukov it was who wanted to continue the war, hoping that the secret treaties might yet obtain Galicia, the Dardanelles and other imperialistic tidbits for Russia. The manufacturers used lockouts against the eight-hour day and against trade unions. Nor were the landowners more far-seeing; Chernov's Land Committees, striving for peaceful division of the estates, were hamstrung, so that the peasants came to believe that they could obtain the land which they regarded as theirs only by force. It is not surprising that when Kerensky failed to deal drastically with Kornilov's *putsch*—an undertaking supported by manufacturers and landlords—and when the Constituent Assembly was once more postponed, the peasants and the workers needed little to convince them that only the Bolsheviks would secure their rights.

Chernov's book shows the hand of a skillful editor and translator, and is evidently the work of a trained historian. Within its limits it is convincing. None the less, an attempt to explain the Bolshevik Revolution without the Bolsheviks is like Hamlet without the melancholy Prince. This history would have even greater value if the author had not restricted his field so narrowly.

—John Shelton Curtiss

Denmark—the Coöperative Way. *By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1936. 277 pages. $2.50.*

IT IS good news to hear of a land where democracy works. Many are turning with zest to the story of the Scandinavian peoples who have proved themselves expert in the practice of effective democracy. Marquis Child's *Sweden, the Middle Way* directed the attention of thousands to that land. This book of Frederic Howe's was written for those who seek to know more of the Scandinavian way of capturing economic power for the people.

Denmark has plenty of good news for the fervent democrat. Farmers work for themselves in Denmark, and no more than 4 per cent are tenants. The producers of bacon and eggs are organized and sell their goods together in British markets. In this way they discipline themselves in correct agricultural methods and, in return, they exact a just price from the consumer. The consumers are also organized, and use their collective power to break monopoly and to insist upon good quality and equitable prices. Danish life, in short, is organized, but its organization involves none of the nameless dread terrors of regimentation. The Danes have won freedom through order, security through self-discipline.

Mr. Howe's present book, unfortunately, is a warmed-over contribution. He wrote the original some fifteen years ago, and now he serves it up again. But hash is hash for all the reheating. A few new figures, a few new sidelights—but not enough. Too many pages have been clipped from other men's second-hand observations. Denmark deserves a better book, one which will be based on careful recent study.

—Hubert Herring

Western Civilization in the Near East. *By Hans Kohn. Translated into English by E. W. Dickes. New York: Columbia University Press. 1936. 329 pages. $3.50.*

THIS book is a translation of the German original (*Die Europäisierung des Ostens*, Berlin, 1934). The author has resided long and traveled widely in the Near East, and endeavors, in the main with success, to explain the incidence of European culture and of European political pressure upon the new political entities which have grown up in the Levant since the end of the World War. It is a familiar phenomenon of cultural history that the vital forces of any cultural movement undergo fundamental transformations and act in a very different manner once they are removed to different surroundings, as Sorel has shown in

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his study of the influence of the French Revolution in Europe.

The author prefaces his detailed consideration with a general sketch of the environment and of mankind in this setting. This is perforce brief and cursory, and contains a few slips: *e.g.*, the Sassanid Dynasty ascended the throne in 224 A.D., not B.C. The author then takes up the factors which have caused changes in recent years, in the first instance intellectual and religious, secondly by evaluating the alterations induced by new routes like the Suez Canal and by modern methods of communication—railroads, motor-cars and airplanes. Economic problems in the stricter sense are then discussed, especially the production of cotton, currency matters and petroleum resources.

The writer then treats the implications of world politics, sketching the pre-War period briefly, and going into more detail about subsequent developments in the field of political penetration, the treatment of minorities and the various movements which have tended to bring about a consciousness of intellectual, if not political, solidarity among the various branches of racial stocks in the Near East. The concluding chapter handles methods and problems of Europeanization, and recounts the measures and activities which have been introduced by the national Governments to this effect. A somewhat scattered bibliography terminates the work.

The book is easily written and is interesting. The writer is well-informed (more so in the Western than in the Eastern areas), and makes numerous illuminating comments. The line of approach, however, and the scale of the treatment make it impossible more than just to probe beneath the surface. His characterization of conditions existing in the Near East before intensive Europeanization set in is brief and colorless: one misses the concrete vividness and suggestiveness which familiarity with these lands should bring. This want undoubtedly arises in part from the cross-cut treatment followed, and partly from an over-use of generalities which run parallel and hence are not focused. Fundamentally disparate areas like Egypt and Turkey, Iran and Iraq assume a superficial kinship of aspect which in the reviewer's opinion is subjective rather than objective.

—Robert P. Blake

Behind the Spanish Barricades. *By John Langdon-Davies. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1937. 275 pages. $2.75.*

HERE is no mere binding together of sheets from a correspondent's notebook. Although the factual account of what Langdon-Davies saw last summer is brilliant journalism, this reporting of events is less important than the background, painted with a touch made sure by long intimacy with Spain.

In a series of nimble sketches, the author presents the country as it was last spring, rooted in tradition yet looking forward with hope. Estremadura and Catalonia; poets and striking waiters; the vulgar audience in bourgeois concert-halls and workers listening raptly to Wanda Landowska; the practical Communism of Port de la Selva's fishermen and Anso's villagers. Langdon-Davies captures this multiplicity, which war has beaten into unity.

He exults in this unity because he loves Spain and to him the people are Spain. He believes with all his heart that the Rebels are damnably wrong, the Government eternally right. This conviction does not prevent him from relating incidents that are unfavorable to his cause, such as the burning of the churches. Granting the facts and regretting them, he goes on to explain in a penetrating chapter how the religious fervor itself has given birth to iconoclasm. He asserts, however, that the ultimate blame for any outrage committed by either side rests on those who made a war against the Spanish people possible.

His own England does not escape his anger. At the front, he saw how the so-called neutrality pact sent an untrained and ill-equipped citizen army against mercenaries who were supplied with the most modern German weapons. Too realistic to appeal to Britain and America on grounds of pure justice, he analyzes keenly what the democratic countries have to fear from the triumph of the Fascist International in Spain.

No doubt this is special pleading, but it is special pleading based upon conviction. That much is clear from Langdon-Davies's own comment: 'I have tried to describe those things which I have seen in Spain. I have not troubled to attempt propaganda because to me the truth is so clear that propaganda is not necessary.'

—D'Elbert Keenan

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AMERICAN NEUTRALITY

A Symposium—II

OUR readers will recall that in the February issue of The Living Age there appeared the preliminary results of a poll of more than a thousand distinguished Americans, who were asked by the Editor to answer the following question: 'What, if any, further safeguards do you think could be taken by the United States Congress, or by our Secretary of State, further to preserve and protect our neutrality in the event of a general European war?'

The views expressed by the members of the symposium varied widely, as was to be expected from a group of American leaders who were impartially selected and uninfluenced in any way. A tabulation of their views appeared in the last issue. We now offer 'intelligent America's opinions' on neutrality, in the form of a 'composite' discussion, which has been drawn from the letters of our correspondents. We regret that limitations of space make it impossible to reproduce the letters in full, but in order to include representative statements of all the programs submitted we shall continue the discussion in the April issue.

AS STATED in the first report on this symposium, the program appearing most frequently in the replies called for the enactment of an absolute embargo on all trade with belligerents, and on all types of commercial credit. Often this was suggested in modified form, for instance (we quote from J. R. Wilson, of Los Angeles): ' . . . effective legislative actions, designed to prohibit, or at least to reduce to the minimum, the sale of ammunitions and other materials of war, directly or indirectly to the warring nations of either side. . . .' More than half of the replies included this program.

The reason most commonly advanced for this embargo was, in the words of Miss Frances Sullivan, of Corpus Christi, Texas: 'Recent researches have revealed evidence that the United States was forced into the World War by those who had their wealth invested in warring countries.' Several contributors joined with Leide Danenberg, of Milford, Massachusetts, in suggesting also that ' . . . war cannot be waged without vast credits, these mostly from foreign sources,' and hence, that an embargo on the part of this country would tend to discourage, or at least limit the duration of, foreign wars.

The majority advocating this program made no mention of the difficulties involved, or the possibility that the embargo could not be established. Mrs. W. O. B. Little, of West Roxbury, Massachusetts, anticipates the problems inherent in defining 'war materials' by stating that ' . . . The list of embargoes should be decided *now*, before war breaks out, so that the nations of the world will know they cannot depend on us either to finance their wars, or provide them with war essentials.' J. J. Dalzell, of Youngstown, Ohio, proposes that the furnishing of ' . . . money, credits or "sinews of war" should be considered an unfriendly act towards this country, and that sure punishment should follow.'

As to the possibility of putting such legislation into effect, publisher Oswald Garrison Villard, of New York City, has this to say: 'I would penalize the victim of an aggression to the same extent as the State which was the aggressor. . . . If we are going to take sides by having one policy for the aggrieved and one for the aggressor, and setting ourselves up as a court to decide which—often an extremely difficult matter—then we shall surely go to war.' It is interesting to note that only two letters contained the suggestion that the embargo should be enforced only against aggressor nations. R. T. Patten, of Presque Isle, Maine, answers another objection: ' . . . Interdict the shipments of food to the warring nations as munitions. This has a harsh sound, and might lead to the starvation of innocent people but, being done to shorten the war, would probably save more lives than it would sacrifice.'

Another stumbling block to the passage of this legislation is suggested by Mrs. M. W. Graham, of Santa Monica, California: 'That Congress could, at this time, pass an act stopping completely the shipment of such materials to belligerents is highly doubtful both because of the actual interrelationships of the world today and, far more definitely, because of pressure of financially interested groups.' As an alternative to Congressional actions, Miss Kate M. Ward, of Downers Grove, Illinois, suggests that the embargo be 'declared . . . by decree of the President.'

Next in order of popularity was this suggestion, as stated by Oliver Williams, of New York City: ' . . . In case of war it should be clearly set forth that trade and travel are at the risk of citizens, and that freedom of the seas is not worth a war. . . .' In advocating this abandonment of the 'rights of neutrals,' George W. Oliver, of Evanston, Illinois, argues: 'This is a cold point of view, but logical when one thinks that many Americans love their country only enough to want its protection, but not enough to return to the U. S. and aid it in staying out of war. These people are cold, too—they want their dollars protected—their lives saved—but they do not care what the price may be.' The Reverend James G. Widdifield, of Detroit, Michigan, suggests that ' . . . This might also be extended to shippers of any war materials to neutrals where such neu-

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trals might be used as a redistribution point to belligerents.'

A more active program along these lines was offered by Mrs. Gertrude B. Warner, of Eugene, Oregon: 'If war is declared, refuse passports to people to keep them out of the war zone and off the ocean.' The sphere of 'no protection' is limited by E. H. Warner, of Tucson, Arizona, to 'war areas' both for shipping and for individuals, while Miss M. F. Taber, of Pawling, New York, increases it as follows: ' . . . All individuals and commercial holdings should move at their own risk outside our national borders.'

Many correspondents questioned with J. H. Small, of Washington, D. C., ' . . . whether any such condition as freedom of the seas may be maintained where vessels of the United States carry products of any kind to one or all of the belligerents.' Several, with W. F. Withers, of Los Angeles, California, looked backward for justification in maintaining: 'The right of neutral vessels cannot be maintained in a war zone, as we learned in 1914–16.'

While the majority of participants seemed to feel that all the international machinery for collective action has been discredited, a minority believed that this country should take part in one or several such programs. Mrs. Frederic W. Beggs, of New York City, suggests: 'I believe that our greatest safety lies in helping to prevent war. Therefore I would favor legislation that would permit consultation with other neutral nations when war is threatened and the application of joint economic embargoes in order to prevent war from starting at all.' William Lonsdale Taylor, of New York, states: ' I believe that in the event of a violation or threatened violation of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the United States should take the initiative in consulting with the other signatories.' Eugene S. Kilgore, of San Francisco, advocates that we ' . . . join the World Court and work toward ultimate membership in a stronger League of Nations.'

Miss Reba E. Richter, of New York, writes: 'Alone, our neutrality is an invitation to the aggressor to attack us. We must be able to act in concert with all neutral nations.' The point is raised by Stuart Bell, of Gladwyne, Pennsylvania, that: 'If all nations had been members of the League of Nations, the League would not have failed where it has. In my opinion, the Versailles treaty—a treaty of hate—would have been revised.'

A strong feeling, in relation to all these points, and one expressed in many letters, is summed up by editor William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas: 'I am satisfied that we cannot in any way interfere by diplomacy or the use of arms in European wars once they have started.'

Education for peace ranked next in number of supporters. If, as Miss Helen Troy, of Chicago, Illinois, suggested, the maintenance of peace 'probably is much more a matter of fundamental education than of any law . . .' and, as is pointed out by J. Leighton Stuart (at present abroad), 'the mechanical inventions which now enable the whole world to listen to such proposals and the popular realization of the horrors of another war give an advantage never before possible for such . . . efforts to anticipate the outbreak of war,' then, according to Miss Florence G. Taylor, of New York, it would be possible 'to have the Government take the initiative in an educational program for peace and international understanding to be carried through with the same degree of efficiency and thoroughness which it uses in its education for war when the occasion requires.'

An indication of the actual material from which such a program could be made is offered by Paul J. Thompson, of Minneapolis, Minnesota: 'A public forum . . . to be addressed by former soldiers who saw service in the front-line trenches telling their audiences of the horrors of a war.' In discussing education as opposed to legislation, W. D. Ten Broeck, of Bombay, India, comments: 'I am no believer in the efficacy of mass legislative movements—witness the failure of prohibition.'

War profits appeared, in the minds of many, to be one of the outstanding points of attack. Miss Mary C. Moore, of Hopedale, Massachusetts, stated: 'I firmly believe that the first and most important step to keep the United States out of war is for the Government *immediately* to make it impossible for any one to gain a dollar through war.'

Few suggesting this program were explicit as to method. Among them, Reverend James G. Widdifield proposed that ' . . . Congress should now enact legislation which would make it compulsory for the President upon declaration of war by the United States to conscript all industry and take the last cent of profit out of war, either for individuals or corporations,' and Paul Jones, Pastor of Antioch College, Ohio, suggested that ' . . . such a bill as that proposed by Senator Nye to tax all profits and incomes up to approximately 90 per cent in the event of a declaration of war by the United States, could definitely discourage the activities of those interests which now might hope to profit by war.' A more limited program was offered by Miss Harriett E. Morton, of Worcester, Massachusetts: 'Once we have developed the necessary legal and moral stamina to control our bankers, munition makers and trade barons we shall have done much in making a world war impossible;' and an even broader extension was urged by Nathaniel Weyl, of Guadalajara, Mexico: 'Imposing a confiscatory 100 per cent tax on the financial claims of American Nationals on foreign concerns and governments that export materials of war or lend money to belligerents.'

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

A NEW organization, the Emergency Peace Campaign, came into being only last year. It has national headquarters at 20 South Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and its officers include Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Chairman; Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Honorary Chairman of the No-Foreign-War Crusade; Charles P. Taft, II, Honorary Chairman of the Neutrality Program, and Ray Newton, Executive Director. A host of distinguished Americans of all faiths and professions are giving active help to the organization by conducting conferences and by speaking at meetings. The EPC has grown so rapidly that twenty regional offices have already been established, and from these thousands of college students and other volunteers do missionary work throughout the country.

The program of Emergency Peace Campaign is as follows: 'To keep the United States from going to war and to achieve world peace by: 1) strengthening pacific alternatives to armed conflict; 2) bringing about such political and economic changes as are essential to a just and peaceable world order; 3) recruiting and uniting in a dynamic movement all organizations and individuals who are determined not to approve of or participate in war; 4) acquainting peace-minded people with the program and policies of member organizations of the National Peace Conference and other peace groups.'

An important phase of the EPC's activity is the 'National Peace Enrollment,' which seeks individual pledges to work for peace and also signed preferences in regard to one of the following positions: A. 'I record my determination never to approve of or participate in any war, except to repel an unprovoked armed invasion of continental United States by a foreign foe.' B. 'I record my determination never to approve of or participate in any war.'

Sincere and energetic leadership, resourceful publicity and enthusiasm among the rank and file promise during 1937 to make the Emergency Peace Campaign more successful than was the British Peace Poll of 1935, which secured nearly 11 million signed peace pledges.

ONE of the older peace organizations, the National Council for Prevention of War (532 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.), is pressing certain specific points of its broad program with great vigor. Through long experience its directors know when, where and how to make the organization's influence felt most effectively. *Peace Action* and the *Washington Information Letter*, both publications of the Council, urge the adoption of 'strong' neutrality law, and a special pamphlet by Florence Brewer Boeckel, entitled *The United States Neutrality Policy*, presents the issues as the Council sees them.

THE many thousands of members of the Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York) have doubtless been both cheered and caused 'furiously to think' by Dr. Raymond Leslie Buell's FPA Pamphlet, *Chaos or Reconstruction*. They have been cheered by their President's conclusion that while the danger of war is real, it is by no means imminent or inevitable. But many of them, who have perhaps supported a strong neutrality policy, will be brought up short by his warning that our adoption of mandatory embargoes would encourage Nazi Germany to resist peaceful settlement and would, in fact, work great hardship on non-militaristic States should they be attacked. Nor, in Dr. Buell's opinion, would the measure serve to keep the United States from being drawn in.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

War and explains how Portugal may suffer even if Franco should win. [p. 38]

ARTICLES by Francis Delaisi have often been reproduced in THE LIVING AGE because he is an outstanding authority on the significant relationships that exist in France between politics, the financial and industrial interests, and the Bank of France. In 'New Deal Troubles in France' he describes the conflict between the Popular Front Government and the large banking interests which bids fair to crush the small employer. [p. 42]

SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN belongs to the fine group of scholarly British 'internationalists' who have worked for the cause of the League of Nations since it was founded. [p. 58]

THE issue of the *Prager Presse* which contained the article 'Inventory in Austria' by its Vienna correspondent was suppressed by the Austrian censorship. [p. 60]

WHEN a social institution that is many centuries old is suddenly proscribed there follows a period of surreptitious devotion to the forbidden usages. Despite China's ban on slave trading, you can still purchase a slave by private negotiation. Earl H. Leaf writes on the persistence of the illegal traffic. [p. 63]

WE ARE unable to say how much Karrio, who reports the story of 'The Thirteenth Prisoner,' has added to make it more pleasing to the readers of *Pravda*, in which it originally appeared. In our opinion, most of the Korean's story can be accepted as factual, and only the first and last paragraphs seem to have been embellished by the Soviet correspondent. [p. 67]

'SINGAPORE: A Bomber's Dream!' Anglophils and Japanophobes who may be depressed by the gloomy conclusions reached by the *Week* may be cheered to learn that the fortress repelled the attacks of the 'Blue' fleet, including bombers, during maneuvers held from February 1st to February 4th. [p. 71]

THIS month's 'Persons' are all Frenchmen. Yvon Delbos, former star Rugby football player and now Foreign Minister, is sketched by one of the foreigners who knows France best. [p. 48] In fact, Friedrich Sieburg, the Paris correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, has written a great deal about his hosts, not all of it complimentary. Frenchman No. 2 is Marcel Thorez, the Communist leader who is leading his party into patriotic paths. [p. 52] Frenchman No. 3, André Francois-Poncet, the Ambassador to Berlin, is last only because he was done in miniature. [p. 56]

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